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FLASH BACK

VOL. 24
No. 3

August,
1974

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For the Future

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SOPHIA SAWYER and HER SCHOOL

by Pat Donat

Sophia Sawyer's letters to the Reverend Robert Greene, preserved in the archives of the American Board of Foreign Misssions in Boston, tell of her struggles whilst trying to keep alive her "Indian School" as it was known to Fayetteville residents of the 1840's. After many pitiful entreaties to the Reverend Greene, her Fayetteville Female Seminary was finally rewarded by the arrival of an additional teacher for the struggling school in the person of Miss Ann James, tiny spinster from far away England, by way of New England. But within a short time after Miss James arrival in Fayetteville, history repeated itself - a history which had seen Sophia Sawyer quarrel with every associate with whom she had ever been connected during her long career as a missionary for the Mission Board. In cryptic letters written to the Reverend Greene a few months after Ann James arrival in 1847 she referred to "a rebellion" which had occurred at the school and which she had managed to suppress. Shortly after this Sophia Sawyer decided to send her recalcitrant recruit off to the Indian Territory, ostensibly for the purpose of recruiting new students for the hard pressed school. Ann James was not too enthusiastic about the trip but in her autobiography , written almost 50 years later, she said she saw no way out of it and so set off into the land of the red Indian. The territory still seethed with the intra-tribal Cherokee feud which had resulted in the death of Chief John Ridge in 1839. There follows an excerpt from the autobiography of Ann James, written in 1894 describing her journey into the pre-Oklahoma lands in the summer of 1847:

"The anxiety and overwork of that session was calculated to prostrate me, and, perhaps, if I had remained quiet at home, I might have escaped the fearful ordeal through which I had to pass. But Miss Sawyer, regardless of the danger, proposed a trip through the Indian Nation to make the acquaintance of the patrons and to solicit scholars, The first day we traveled in a covered wagon and did not suffer from heat. That was Saturday and we expected to reach Park Hill station that night, but the driver took a chill and wanted to stop for the night at a house where a guard of eight or ten Indians were stationed, ready for an assault, when Miss Jane Williams, a brave half-breed pupil with whom I was traveling, seized the reins, whipped up the poor tired horses, saying, "No, they are my cousins, and I could stay here, but if anyone is killed here tonight, it would alarm Miss James." So on she drove to a house hear the bank of the Illinois river, where we stayed for the night, as it was too late to drive through the river with safety.

"The next morning dawned brightly, and it was communion day at the Park Hill Station. I was determined, if possible, not to miss getting there before morning service, but our driver did not wish to harness his horses to the wagon. Indeed, he thought the river too full to be safely crossed and said he would rather wait until Monday when the river could have run down some. The lady of the house, whose name I cannot now recall, seeing our disappointment (for Jane was as anxious to get home as I was to get to church), said a young man who was in her employ would be a safe escort, and would, if we would ask him, see us safe to Park Hill, provided we could ride on horseback. That was somewhat of a risk for me, but they gave me a gentle horse. Jane was not particular, the wilder the horse the better she was pleased. So she got home and I got to church, just in time. That was the first river I ever forded, but not the last by a score or more, but I never even got my feet wet—so kindly has my Heavenly Father protected me from harm. I never tore my flesh or dress in a river, creek, bayou or slough in my life, though I have had many a narrow escape from drowning. "Thus far the Lord hath led me on, thus far His power prolongs my days." I enjoyed a visit around Tahlequah, but there, as elsewhere, it was necessary to have a guard stationed on the front porch ready armed for resistance. One evening a party of us were invited to take tea at the residence of the Chief, and as we rode up to the gate rather hastily, the guard sprang to the front with their guns pointed toward us. Of course as soon as they recognized the missionaries who were with us, they quickly lowered their guns and retired to the back part of the porch.

"In a few days it was proposed to visit the oldest station (Dwight) in the nation. There we were kindly received and entertained for several days by good Dr. Butler and sweet-spirited Sister Butler, also a devoted young Christian who was teaching in the mission school. While there we were joined by three other missionaries; after visiting with them several other stations, it was proposed to cross the grand prairie to attend Mr. Lockridge's examination of his scholars in the Creek Nation. by the time we reached Fort Gibson, we and our horses were much fatigued, and Col. Lumas, the commander of the fort, who was a great friend of the missionaries, proposed to drive the ladies in his comfortable carriage across the prairie himself, and let our horses rest at the fort till our return.

"Soon we came to a Seminole's grave, which had become a very large mound by reason of a law that everyone who passed that way should ascend and deposit a stone on the top of the mound. It was well for us that the gentlemen carried our rocks for us, as it was as much as we could do to make the ascent. The carriage and horses we left at the foot of the hill, and when we descended it was no exaggeration to say they were bleeding at every pore from the bites of the prairie flies. It could not have hurt them surely, for they were spirited creatures and were hitched to nothing but the carriage, for there was nothing else to hitch to--but a kind Providence bade them stand still. In those prairies there are narrow streaks of stunted growth, which indicates a drain, generally

containing mud and water, sometimes to a great depth. Colonel Lumas' horses were very patient of control while he held the reins, but the drain had a deep descent into, and a still deeper ascent out of it, and when the spirited creatures planted their fore feet on the rising bank, and with a sudden jerk attempted to draw the carriage after them, they snapped three traces at once and left the carriage sunk to the hubs in the boggy bottom of the ditch; but the Colonel had entire control of them, and they obeyed his voice as he talked soothingly to them, walking on the tongue, loosening the rest of the harness, then getting them safely up the bank, hitched them to a tree. Now what was to be done? We were deep down in the mudhole with apparently no way of egress, but the gentlemen were equal to the emergency. One of them, who was on a mule, rode back to the last Indian village passed and procured a dressed deerskin and two strong negro men, who soon helped us up the bank, when we were set to work to cut the deer skin in strips with which to tie up the broken harness, and in about twenty minutes we were on our way again--nobody hurt, not even scratched.

We arrived safely without further accident at Mr. Lockridge's just a day before the examination, when we saw many of the Creeks in their holiday attire, highly ornamented with feathers, especially the chiefs and ex-chiefs. Examination over, children gone home with their parents, unusual quiet reigned at the station, and we enjoyed a pleasant social visit, comparing items of interest in our experience since we parted at Van Buren. Nothing occurred to mar our enjoyment--but the recollection of the prairie ditch through which we must pass to get home, but the gentlemen on horseback reconnoitered and found a much better crossing place, so a kind Providence was better to us than our fears--as He always is.

Safely back at Ft. Gibson, we found our horses had been well cared for and quite ready to take us home. So we soon started back to Park Hill, where we were to join Mr. Williams, Jane's father, who was to escort us, with some new scholars, back to Fayetteville. Our road from Ft. Gibson was crossed nine times by the Salisaw creek and as I was riding the doctor's horse, which knew all the best fords, I had to go in first every time. Getting particular directions concerning a new ford, we traveled on for some time, and when we came to the plain none of us remembered the directions. As I rode the doctor's horse, they depended on my heading them, and as the directions were given to one of the gentlemen, I expected him to do so. What to do we did not know. At length we decided to ride back some distance and give my horse the rein and let him take the ford he liked best, for there were two and a large tree lying across both of them. As soon as he had gone in a few feet he began to go down stream, and as the water was very swift, I could not tell whether he was partly carried down or not, but as soon as he cleared the length of the tree-top he turned up stream to my great relief. As soon as he did that we remembered the directions--but the faithful creature carried them out. A tree had fallen out of the old ford and left a large hole, then its top was so long and a good deal of it out of sight under water that it was necessary to go down stream to the end of the limbs.

"Having counted the ninth crossing, as I thought, I felt relieved, but after the shades of evening had gathered round us I saw the water glimmering in the distance and felt that I hardly had courage enough to go in first any more, but it was near the Dwight station where we would find sweet rest with good Dr. Butler's family. Six days' rest here might have saved me six months' suffering, but the time to commence school was drawing near and I did not wish to be a day behind time if I could help it.

"I rode all the first day with a hot fever. That night we stayed at Mr. Bushyhead's, near the line of the nation. As soon as I could, I asked to be allowed to retire at once. "Oh," Mrs. B. said, "the boys are out hunting and we will have some nice game for supper." I said I was too tired to eat, but no, I must wait for supper, but I had not tasted food all day, nor could I then. However, I had

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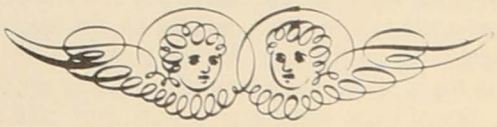
WASHINGTON COUNTY MARRIAGES



1884

Thomas J. Reynolds, a Minister, performed the ceremony for L. Crawford age 35 and Miss R. E. Bruck, age 28, of Viney Grove. Their date was June 18, 1884.

Strickler residents W. B. Crawley, 21 and Miss Zone Strickler, 17, went to their Minister, R. M. Wood for his blessing on April 20, 1884.

H. L. Crouch, 35, and Miss Rebecca Harman, 16, were before Justice of the peace J. C. Massie on June 11, 1884. He signed their certificate of marriage.

Charles O. Crozier, 31 of Dutch Mills and Miss Mary L. Chandler, 30, of Evansville, were joined in matrimony by the Rev. P. B. Hopkins, on March 23, 1884.

On November 30, 1884, a marriage ceremony uniting James T. Condueff and Miss Henrietta Kelley, 19, of Goshen, was solemnized by W. A. Watson.

Conard Cunningham and Miss Mary Cloer, ages 18 and 17, were married on February 3, 1884 by the Rev. John P. Boyd.

A Boonsboro couple, John Darnell 27, and Miss Ida Luker, 24, went to F. R. Earle, a Minister, for their December 29, 1884 wedding ceremony.

Alfred Goodman and Miss Minnie Lee, 20 and 15 years of age, had their June 22, 1884 wedding by Justice of the Peace, Samuel Sevier.

The Rev. John Boyd married Springdale citizens James W. Graham and Miss Ella Haughey, both age 18 years, on June 22, 1884.

Goshen couple William Hash, 27, and Miss Mary Mayes, 16, were married by their Minister J. W. Dutton on Nov. 23, 1884.

John F. Haynes, 20, of West Fork, and Miss Adeline Hubbard of Blackmer, age 18, were married by Sion R. Caudle. a Justice of the Peace, on March 14, 1884.

J. E. Head, of West Fork, 27, married Miss Elizabeth Fields, 21 of Crosses, on March 13, 1884, with the Rev. Johnson Crawford performing the ritual.

Fifty year old E. W. Heath, and 24 year old Miss Juliet Hays, both of Fayetteville, were man and wife by Justice of the Peace Jonathan Clark, on September 4, 1884.

Charles Hendrickson, 24, and Miss Sarah C. Reynolds, 18, both of the Strickler area, went to Andrew J. Mackey, a Minister, who united them in marriage on March 24, 1884.

C. L. Henson, 23, and Miss Fannie Cruse, 22, Prairie Grove folks, were married May 29, 1884, by the Rev. William Penn.

W. H. Kenedy, a Minister, performed the Dec. 18, 1884 wedding ceremony for Durham couple R. W. Hindricks, 25, and Miss Julia A. Malloy, 18.

Rev. Eli Baker was the officiating minister at the wedding of Robert Hodges, 19, and Miss Ella Fleming, 21, both of Fayetteville, on July 14, 1884.

R. A. Holland, 25, and Miss Emma Childres, 23, both of the Evansville Community, were before Preaching Elder George F. Tatum for a marriage ceremony on August 14, 1884.

John A. Holland, 29, of Fayetteville, and Miss Jennie Thomas, 20, also of the county seat town, were married by Farmington Justice J. P. Wilson on June 15, 1884.

J. S. Holt, 22, and Miss Alice Davidson, 15, Rheas Mill couple, went to Justice W. D. Parks on March 24, 1884, for their pledge in a civil ceremony.

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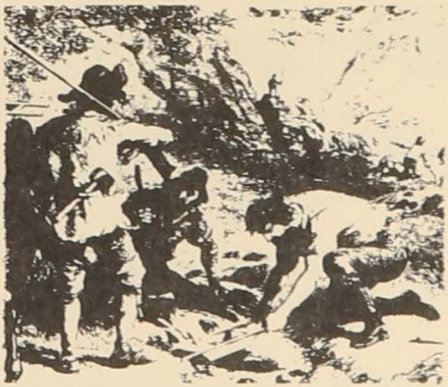


GOLD IS IN THE EARTH

by

Hildy Crawford

This story of the trek west to California by the Fayetteville forty-niners was started in the May issue. The migrants have had troubles with the elements and the Indians and as we continue the story they have struck the desert and are heading for more trouble.

Farther along the trail, water ran low in the barrels. When the train drew up in a circle and camped for the night, the women were complaining that the water smelled bad.

Pete was passing the Freyschlag wagon, on his nightly round, when he heard one of the girls saying to her father, "I wish you would empty that smelly old barrel. It is close to where I sleep at night and I am sickened by the smell."

Sticking his head around the corner of the wagon, Pete said, "I wouldn't do that, Miss Marina, we are just about out of water. There's a water hole ahead, but I make it a rule never to count on water till it's in the barrels." Turning to Freyschlag, he said, "You'd best strain and boil what's still in the barrel."

"Whatever you say, Pete. We don't want to run out of water." The next night as the train drew near the water hole, Pete rode ahead to check on it and found it surrounded by Indians, the same band that had been following the wagons. They were just standing there but there was something about their attitudes that he didn't like. Swinging his horse about he rode back to meet the train. After conferring with Evans and Tom Tyner, it was decided to make camp about 100 feet from the waterhole.

Thirsty children were crying and, as he rode by the Hale wagon, Mrs. Hale called out with asperity, "How do you expect us to make coffee without water?"

"I'll get water for you, Ma'am, I'm fair sick of messin' around with them Indians!"

The above is a daguerrotype given to us by the late Cora Shively, great-grand niece of James Van Hoose, the young man seated between the two young ladies above. Our research leads us to believe that this picture was taken in 1849 and that these are the two Freyschlag sisters who treked west with the Fayetteville 49ers whose story is told herein. Their names were Barbara and Hermina (not Marina as Mrs. Crawford mistakenly asserts in her story). This was the Hermina who taught piano at Sophia Sawyer's Female Seminary. The original is framed in a leather covered wooden case. It is a fine example of the Daguerrotypers' art, which was invented only 10 years earlier by the Frenchman Daguerre.

GOLD – CONT'D.

Seizing his long home-made butcher knife, he strode out of camp, heading for the waterhole, a bucket swinging from his free hand. The Indians drew back to let him through but he knew when they closed in behind him. Ignoring them, he stooped to dip a bucket of water. Seeing action out of the corner of his eye, he dodged and swung about, beheading an Indian with one deadly sweep of his knife. Following through, he revolved, plunged the bucket into the water, and headed back toward the wagon train with it.

Behind him there were muttered exclamations, some angry, some wondering. One Indian, wrapped in a blanket newer and brighter than the rest, spat out "Heap big warrior!" None stopped him or pursued him and that night they vanished, probably going off to find another wagon train.

Sickness took its toll of the company and James Garvin was drowned crossing the Green River, when a raft overturned. Nathan Tharpe, Nathan Lewis and Oscar Bean of Fayetteville were other casualties and James Carnahan died after reaching California.

Beyond Salt Lake the party split, with some of the wagons taking a southerly route to Sacramento, while others chose the shorter, more perilous passage. In early November about half of the original company reached its destination, eager to begin prospecting.

It was nearly a year before Lydia and her daughters had other than spoken word of their husbands. Mary had given birth to a daughter and the baby, Lizzie Tharpe, was already six months old and just beginning to sit up. Seated in the middle of Lydia's four poster bed, laughing and gurgling and drooling a bit, she was surrounded by her mother, grandmother and Aunt Rachel.

"She favors her Pa all right." Rachel smiled at her niece.

Leaning over to disengage the baby's hand from its mouth, Mary sighed. "I wish her father could see her. She is so sweet at this age."

There was a sound of a horse stopping outside the house and it was followed by a rap at the door. Lydia straightened her apron and hair and went to answer the knock, leaving her daughters in the bedroom playing with the baby.

A roughly dressed, bearded man was on the doorstep. As Lydia opened the door, he removed his hat from his shaggy head and stood there, shuffling his feet in patent embarrassment. "Ifn it so happens as you're Miz Van Hoose," he mumbled, "I've fetched word for you from yore man." He held out a creased and soiled-looking paper.

Lydia took it in both hands, caressing the paper as she held it.

"You've just come from California?" she asked.

"Yes'm, we just pulled in. Five months ago we wuz at the diggings in Californy. We made a tolerable quick trip."

"My husband . . . was he well?" Lydia watched the man's face intently as though, if she scrutinized the strange bronzed face, she might read the answer to all the questions that seethed within her.

"He's all right, Ma'am, leastways he wuz when we pulled out. He set up all night to write to yuh when he heerd we was heading for Arkansaw."

Lydia pushed the door wide open. "Come in," she urged, "There's a pot of coffee on the back of the stove and a sorghum pie cooling in the kitchen."

"I thank yuh right kindly." The man settled his travel-stained hat on his head as he backed away. "My friends are waitin' fur me and we want to reach home before dark." There was a slightly worried look in his bleached blue eyes as he said, "Yor man's jest fine, Miz Van Hoose and he's written yuh all the news. G'day, Ma'am."

Sensing the uneasiness in the man's hurried departure, Lydia stood gazing after him. The sky was very blue, with a few blossoming clouds overhead. The grass and the trees were very green and she could smell the appetizing fragrance of the cooling pies, mingled with that of the fruit trees that were pink and white with bloom. What was it like five months away in the goldfields, she wondered. Holding the letter out in front of her, she studied the familiar writing before she let the door swing to behind her. Hurrying through the house she called out as she went, "Rachel! Mary! It's come. We've got a letter from California."

They flew to meet her, their full, soft calico skirts billowing about them, and they peeked eagerly over her shoulder as she carefully uncreased the paper and began to read aloud in a clear, happy voice.

"California, Sacramento City.

"Dear Wife:

"I pray all is well with you at home. You are always in my thoughts but this is the first opportunity I have had to get a letter to you. It was a long, hard journey west, but after six weary months Porter and I reached California. It is my sad duty to tell you that Mary's husband died on the journey. Lydia's voice faltered and stopped entirely as her horrified eyes re-read the last sentence.

Mary had closed her eyes, moaned softly, and crumpled to the floor. Dropping the letter, Lydia bent over her daughter, lifting the unconscious girl by her shoulders. With Rachel's assistance, she placed Mary on the bed beside the baby. The infant, chewing three fat little fingers with toothless gums, watched solemnly as the women loosened Mary's clothing, rubbed her wrists and brushed her hair back from her forehead.

All too soon, Mary regained consciousness, which came bringing grief with it . . . a wild tearing grief that vented itself in hysterical weeping. Upset by the confusion, the baby beat the air with tiny clenched fists. Screwing her eyes tight-shut, she screamed until she was crimson-faced. Her cries penetrated Mary's sorrow and she caught the baby to her, burying her face in its long dress. "Darling Lizzie," she sobbed, "My poor little fatherless baby!"

Rocking back and forth, she clutched the infant to her. Her curls came unfastened and tumbled about her face. Lydia went and put her arms about the mother and child, weeping with them. Sobbing, Rachel retrieved the letter from the floor and slipped into the next room,

wiping away her tears so that she could read what her father had written . . . seeking word of her own absent husband.

In a bold, flowing script with curlicued capitals, John had written of the westward trek of the Fayetteville train. "We landed in the gold valley on the 17th of October, a travel of six months through seven nations of Indians. We came a new route and made our own road for a thousand miles.

"I have been in the mines ever since and am doing well. Five of us have taken out in one day three and three-quarters pounds of solid gold. Each of us has in hand between 40 and 50 pounds of gold and the main time for getting gold will be from now on, as the water is falling and will soon let us in the river, as we plan to divert the stream. I think there is no doubt that I will get six or eight thousand dollars.

"I have succeeded in getting plenty of gold, which will come home whether I live or die, unless we are all lost and I know if that happens, my sons will pay every dollar that I owe in the world. I am well satisfied that if I live and keep well I shall have gold enough to do me the balance of my life.

"The old debt worries me and I am eager to get it paid. I have written Felty in Kentucky for him or one of my brothers to meet me about Christmas and I will pay them well for coming to Arkansas.

He wrote sadly of his son-in-law 's death and burial on the plains near Denver City on Cherry Creek, and of his last words as he lay dying his dimming eyes fixed on the distant mountains.

Page after laborious page told of the constant fear of Indian attack and of how the big wagons huddled shoulder to shoulder about the campsite each night. He wrote of a daring night raid, when the Indians succeeded in driving off the oxen belonging to the Van Hoose party. He added simply, "We trailed them to their village and brought back the oxen." The letter told how they had choked with dust as they crossed the prairies and were soaked to the skin crossing the rivers; how they saw vast herds of buffalo and hunted them for food and furs, and how at long last, they crossed the mountains of northern California and reached Sacramento.

"I would give you a history of the mines, but the newspapers tell you all about them and a great deal more than is true. There is a great quantity of gold here but the papers tell all the good and leave out the bad. Thousands of men leave home and family in search of gold and find their graves instead. So much exposure, lying on the cold damp earth, brings them to an untimely end, where there is a hole dug and a blanket wrapped around them, and the poor fellow is tumbled in and soon forgotten.

"Thousands go home poor, with ruined constitutions, while a few acquire large and princely fortunes and, on the whole, I would not advise any of my friends to take the risk. It's too great for the chance of gold.

"I have been amongst the tolerable lucky and if I never reach home I shall have completed my purpose that was to get money to pay all my debts and now, live or die, they will be paid.

"We got a solid piece of gold the other day that was worth about $500. We get a great many from $5 to $50 in one piece. There are many small specimens that we wash out of the dirt with washing machines. In two days, five of us that are in partnership have taken out gold to the amount of $595. The California price is $16 an ounce.

"Uncle Pete is prospering and Rachel's husband Porter is well and working with me so that we can start home soon, we think about the middle of November. As the journey by water is faster, we should be home by Christmas.

"Give my respects to all my friends in Fayetteville and I send my love to you, dear wife, and to all of you at home. I have missed YOU GREATLY."

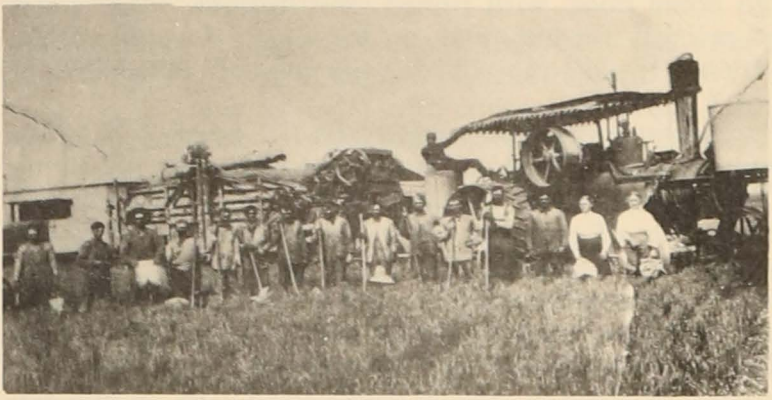
After Mary quieted down and soothed an exhausted baby, Lydia joined Rachel and they pored over the letter, reading between the lines, laughing and crying by turns. Lydia felt that in this letter, her husband, never a talkative man, had told her more than she would ever have heard from his lips.

The letter ended, "With God's help, we will harvest the gold from the river's bed and be on our way back to Arkansas with heavy purses."

Within a few months, as they had expected, John and Porter followed the letter home, but their purses were not as heavy as anticipated. An unexpected flood on the Sacramento River had upset their high hopes. Disheartened, they had sold their claims and started home. The gold John Van Hoose brought home was enough to pay off the old debt, but there wasn't too much left over. There were deeper lines in John's calm face and a plentiful sprinkling of gray in his hair, but the old kindly twinkle was in his sunken eyes. His frame seemed gaunter than ever and his beard was snowy. He was contented that he owed no man and that he was home with his family.

"The true wealth of the earth lies in the soil that grows food for the table and to feed the animals," he told Lydia gravely, "and much ungodliness goes with the gold that is dug up too easily."

From the purse of gold, which he brought back from the California diggings, John Van Hoose sent a final payment to Kentucky by his son Peter. Originally only a few hundred dollars on the note he had signed for a friend, the debt had doubled and trebled as the years piled up interest. It had taken all John's good years to be rid of it.



THE FIRST COUNTY FAIR

Picture of old timey steam thrasher taken in 1894 on Bryan Miller Farm near Pea Ridge. Women were along to cook for the all day thrashin'.

Since this issue appears long about Fair Time we thought it might be appropriate to run an account of the very first Washington County Fair. This report appeared in the Arkansas Sentinel in 1878. It was found by Mrs. Myrtie McIlroy Bagby among her mother's papers in 1955 and printed in the April Flashback that year. We thought all the new members added since 1955 might like to compare the prizes and events of the first County Fair with the activities offered at a 1974 Fair. (Note the reference in the next to last paragraph to A.I.U. President D.H. Hill. The reporter's chaste comment bears witness to the frigidity which existed between Hill and the press.)

On Wednesday last the Washington County Agricultural and Mechanical Association began their first annual fair at the grounds near town, which was very creditable to the county and those men who worked so hard for its success. Owing to the heavy rains the week before and the almost impassable condition of the roads, many of our people who had intended to compete for premiums were greatly hindered and as a consequent result the exhibits were not as large as might have been expected, especially in produce, vegetables, seeds, fabrics, etc. -- because of the lack of necessary shelter. The articles which were on exhibition were very good and the fruit fine, particularly the apples of James Felton of Cane Hill. They were splendid specimens and Mr. F. was awarded the premium for the best and greatest display.

In the agricultural and mechanical department the displays were very extensive. In order to show their goods to a better advantage, Moore & Bro. and W.A. Scotterected a temporary structure, the only one on the ground. To Moore & Bro. were awarded the premiums for the best lady's saddle, riding bridle, wagon and buggy harness, and to Mr. Scott for the best home-tanned leather. Putman & Crenshaw, and Jernigan, Botefuhr & Co., our enterprising hardware men, made a fine display of plows, reapers, mowers, etc., for the trouble and expense of which they deserve great praise. Mr. Wm. Engles, of Farmington, an agent for agricultural implements, also made a good display. The two wagons on exhibition, by James Oates of Cincinnati and D. B. Heaton of this city, attracted special attention; they were both splendid specimens of

mechanical skill and ability and reflect great credit on the makers. Both were thimble-skein, light-draft, two-horse farm wagons. That of Mr. Oates -- "The Arkansas Traveler" -- so well-known to our people for its excellence, received the premium. Although Mr. Heaton was beaten, he has a wagon of great durability and strength, and the painting of the oneon exhibition would be hard to equal anywhere. The gilt scroll work and landscape views on the bed were beautiful and showed great artistic taste.

The exhibition of live stock was large, and it was with much difficulty that the judges could arrive at a decision. The premium for the best pair of fowls was awarded to J. H. Kelton, who brought in a pair of fine Dorkings. For the best bull of any age, Willis & Lake of Viney Grove received the premium, and Hardy Warren of Prairie Grove for the best bull one year old, bull calf and heifer calf. In the exhibition of hogs the premium was awarded to R. A. Cardwell for best boar any age, and to W. F. Dowell for best sow and best display of hogs. On the best buck and ewe, Robert Irons of Prairie Grove received the premium.

On Wednesday evening the trotting under the saddle came off. Four horses were entered, by M. Mullins, Will Stone, S. H. Rogers and Edgar Jennings. The race was half-mile heats, two best in three, and was won by Mr. Mullins' horse. All made very good time considering the wretched condition of the track. Unfortunately on Wednesday night a heavy rain fell which caused a postponement of the racing till Saturday.

The premium for the best equestrienne was awarded on Friday. Miss Josie Maguire of Maguire's, Miss Sallie Rainwater of this city, and Mrs. Dr. Garrison of Prairie Grove were the contestants. All the ladies rode well, but the premium was given to Miss Maguire.

On Saturday evening there were entered for the racking race three horses -- C. R. Buckner's mare "Gipsey", A. S. Gregg's gray pony and the sorrel of John McClelland. The latter's horse distanced the others and won the race in good time. The most interesting and exciting of all the races was that of pacing. There were three horses in the field-- a gray entered by A. G. West, a sorrel by Thompson, and L. J. Felton's black. The race was mile heats, two best in three. Each horse moved splendidly and it was difficult to tell which would come in ahead. It was won, however, by the horse of Mr. Felton, without a single break. The day closed with a trotting race in the harness for a premium of $25. Only two horses were put in -- one by W. G. West, the other by W. W. Mullins, which resulted in a victory for the former.

The special premium offered by Will Stone for the neatest calico dress was awarded to Miss Sallie Rainwater. The premium offered by J. D. Wilber of Cane Hill for the best five pounds of butter was received by Mrs. W. F. Dowell. The pigeon shooting, engaged in on Friday evening, between Prof. Harvey, Charlie Samstag, George Crum and W. F. Stirman, resulted in a victory for Professor H., with Samstag second.

On Friday, General D. H. Hill, president of A.I.U., delivered the address. A large crowd was present, and he was attentively listened to. His remarks were replete with admirable advice to our farming community and full of suggestive thought. We regret to hear that the general declines to furnish a copy for publication.

The net proceeds of the fair, we learn, will exceed $200.

THE 2,600,000 BRICKS IN OLD MAIN

The WCHS was founded in 1951 and in the fourth issue of Flashback Uncle Walt carried a story called "The Man Who Built Old Main" by Mary Lou Campbell Fletcher. The story, from the perspective of a descendent of W. Zera Mayes, contractor on the job, repeated the well known legends connected with the building of University Hall. One of the legends, included the suggestion that all these bricks were made at one location, on the grounds of the University. Seven years after Flashback carried this story, proof was presented to editor Lemke that this was not true and that, in fact, bricks for Old Main had been made elsewhere. The evolution of a story from legend to history has happened again in the pages of Flashback, and this is one of the more interesting metamorphisis. First, the significant part of the 1951 story by the daughter of The Man Who Built Old Main

THE MAN WHO BUILT OLD MAIN
By Mary Lou Campbell Fletcher

It was August 10, 1875. Old Main was brand new--its mortar scarcely dry between its clean red bricks. Its 282 windows twinkled their panes at the folks who had piled the young-uns into wagons and driven from miles around to the all-day picnic celebration honoring the completion of the Arkansas Industrial University. Plain but hearty dinners were spread on workbenches and eaten in the shadow of the South tower. Then when the western windows reflected the setting sun, and the shadows of the two towers stretched out across the eastern slope of the campus, the men hung tree limbs with lanterns and bricks soaked in oil. By this feeble light, plus the illumination of fireworks, the festivities continued.

Probably the happiest man in Fayetteville that day three-quarters of a century ago was the stocky, brown-haired, young contractor, William Zera Mayes, whose skillful direction and finished University Hall a month ahead of schedule. He spent half the day guiding the "board of visitors" through the new building so they could write their report to the governor. The other half of the day he spent with his wife Sarah and their three children, who had come along to the picnic.

The board of visitors was impressed with the grandeur of the building, a replica of the main building of the University of Illinois at Urbana. "its foundation is deep, broad, durable, and abundantly aboe to support the heavy and well-proportioned superstructure erected thereon", they wrote the

governor. The letter contained phrases such as "replete with beauty" and "solid in its construction". The governor read: "It is five stories high, with French or Mansard roof, covered with slate and tin. The basement is built of stone; the foundation is bedded on solid rock. The next three stories are built of brick and the attic of wood.

Before the inspection tour was over, Contractor Mayes had told them the building contained 2,600,000 bricks, made from clay found inside the campus, burnt in a kiln where the tennis courts and Veterans Village now (1951) stand.....

Now for the follow-up which came in 1958 and proved that this isn't quite the way it happened: In the May issue editor Lemke wrote:

The Washington County Historical Society has come into possession of an original Bill of Sale, dated December 22, 1873, which indicates that part of the brick used in Old Main was made on the old Hunt place (originally the Yell home, "Waxhaws") at the south end of College Avenue -- a mile and a half from the University campus. The brick maker was J. N. Sager.

This document, presented to the Society by Frank Rupert, reads as follows:

"Know all men by these presents that I, Jacob N. Sager, of the County of Washington, State of ARKANSAS, FOR AND IN CONSIDERATION OF THE SUM OF Three hundred and fifty dollars and for other good and valuable considerations (the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged), do grant bargain and sell unto Thomas J. Hunt of said County and State, my undivided half interest in and to the following described chattels, effects and interests, to-wit:

Dump Carts and Harness, Shovels, Spades, Mattocks, Brick Moulds, Pumps, Wheelbarrows, Wood Boards, Lumber and all other articles and effects used by Hunt and myself in the making and burning of Brick on the Brick Yard situate on the farm of said Hunt, near and south of the Town of Fayetteville, State aforesaid, together with my interest in the proceeds of all brick burnt upon said yard for the building known as the Arkansas Industrial University, and I hereby authorize the said Hunt to collect the same and appropriate it to his own use and benefit,

To have and to hold to him, the said Thomas J. Hunt, and to his heirs and assigns forever.

In Testimony whereof I, Jacob N. Sager, have here-unto set my hand and seal this 22d day of December A.D. 1873.

J.N. Sager (Seal)

Signed, sealed and delivered)
into the presence of W. Z. Mayes)

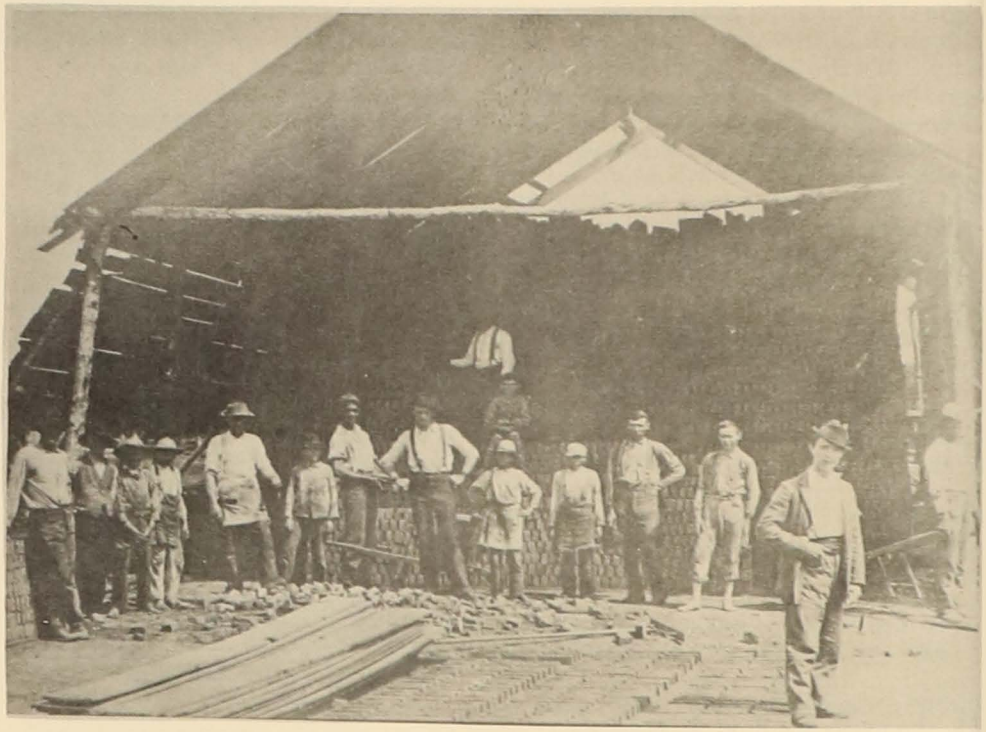
.....

About 1870 John Kelton and Mr. Vest opened a brick yard, and two years later made most of the brick for the University Administration Building, having the yard about where the Athletic Field now is....Kelton also made the brick for the National Cemetery walls.

It seems probably that contractor W. Z. Mayes secured his brick from more than one source, including the Sager & Hunt brick yard on South College avenue.

Now that Jacob N. Sager has received belated credit for making some of the brick in Old Main, it would be interesting to discover that Barker & Stevenson and H. L. Glass, who also operated brick yards in the early 1870's, furnished some of the 2,600,000 brick that went into Old Main. And are still there.

Sure enough, a few years later Mr. Lemke discovered evidence that a brick yard located south of town near the present location of the Washington County Co-op also furnished brick for the walls of Old Main. So does history grow from legend to fact...if you keep digging and don't believe everything you hear...or read.



This is supposedly a group of workmen at the brickyard where they made brick for Old Main. But which brickyard? After the above evidence, we aren't sure. All we know is we were told this was a scene of a crew making bricks for University Hall in 1874. But which one of three or four brickyards around Fayetteville will have to remain a mystery.

Robert W. Ferguson, age 21, came from Granville, Missouri, for Miss Mary F. Bledsoe, age 20 of Goshen. The Rev. Marshall M. Ennis united them in wedlock on Feb. 7, 1884.

W. L. Fields, 23 and Miss Nancy Lewis, also 23, were married by Justice Z. M. Brinson, on July 13, 1884.

West Fork Preacher and Justice of the Peace F. F. Curtis performed the ceremony for Julis Fitts and Miss Olia Rieff, ages 20 and 19 on October, 27, 1884.

Clyde Floyd of Dutch Mills, 21, married 15 year old Miss Bernie Babcock, also of Dutch Mills, Dec. 28, 1884, with Justice M. V. Jobe doing the ceremony.

Allen L. Foutch, 26, and Miss S. A. Ramey, 19, of Brentwood took their vows before Justice D. E. Jackson on Oct. 12, 1884.

Joe Fox, 26, and Miss Beckey A. Rudd, 23, both of Fayetteville, were married on May 29, 1884, by Justice Z. M. Brinson.

Reuben R. Fraley, 18, and Miss Louisa Winkle, 18 also, were married on March 26, 1884, by P. P. (Uncle Peck) Bogan, Justice of the Peace. The couple lived at Hazel Valley. There are Fraleys out there now on the mountain.

Samuel Fraley, 53, and Miss Rebecca Stufflebeam, 39, Hazel Valley folks also, went to Justice Bogan for his services on March 28, 1884. Same day as the folks right above them.

J. Fullbright, Brentwood citizen, 23, married Miss Mahalia A. Skelton age 17, on Dec. 21, 1884. The Rev. J. D. Woolsey performed their nuptuals.

J. G. Gardner, 27, and Miss Victoria Seaton, 16, Fayetteville people, were married by the Rev. Preston B. Hopkins. Their date was Jan. 8, 1884.

I. J. W. Gilstrap, 22, of Pitkins, married 13 year old Miss M. E. Boyd, on August 29, 1884, with S. R. Caudle, a Justice, performing the ceremony.

William H. Hale, 23, and Miss Elizabeth E. Holcomb, both of the Brentwood area, went to their local Justice D. E. Jackson, who united them in wedlock on August 18, 1884.

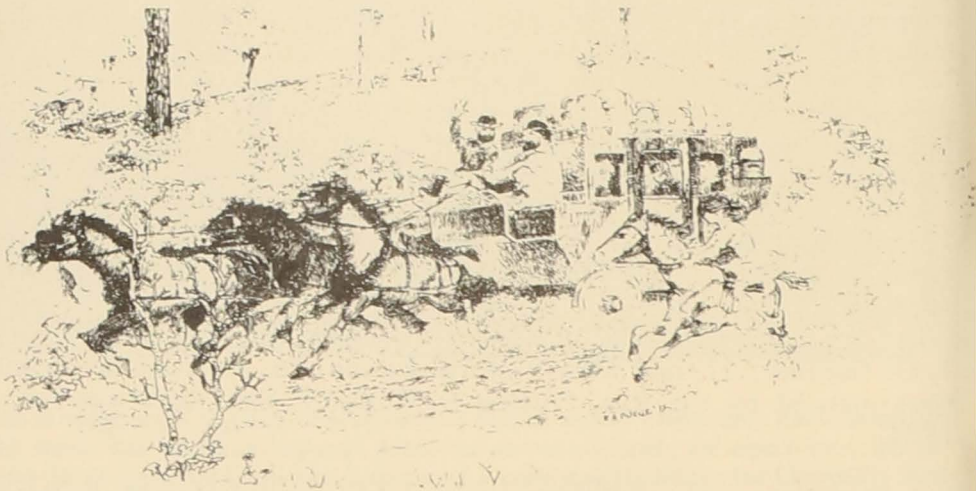
James W. Hall, and Miss Nancy G. Pool, ages 20 and 16, were married by Justice R. A. Rutherford on Oct. 9, 1884. Mr. Hall lived in the Maguire Store area, and his lady at Durham.

J. R. Hambrick, 34, and Miss Fannie Simpson, 20, Cincinnati couple, went to the Rev. Preston B. Hopkins on Sept. 25, 1884, for their wedding.

W. J. Blackburn, a Minister, performed the marriage for James Hamilton 21, and Miss Laura J. Miles, 15, both of Spring Valley, on Sept. 8, 1884.

The Rev. Thomas Dodson performed the ceremony for 21 year old J. A. Harrison of Hindsville, and Miss Fannie Allison, 15, of Goshen.

J. A. Hart, 22, and Miss F. J. Beaver, 19, of Farmington, went to the Rev. Thomas H. Day on July 18, 1884. He signed their marriage certificate.



In 1970 Flashback ran a series by Marian Tebbetts Banes in which she told of living at Headquarters House in the years before the Civil War. She described how she would greet the arrival of the daily stage by racing along beside it on her paint pony. (Nov. 1970, pg. 36.) This is the scene as visualized by Rogers artist, Erwin Doege.

CIRCUIT COURT RECORDS – 1880

The old courthouse in the center of town was a busy place at the January 1880 term of court. The Honorable J. H. Berry, who served the county and state for many years, and who lost a leg at the battle of Corinth, was on the bench.

Assisting him in the enforcement of the States laws were jurors T. A. Reynolds, R. D. Braden, J. E. Dunlap, Frank Wilhoit, W. H. Eidson, Stamp Crawford, Gip Hendrix, Henry L. Cate, Calvin Hutchens, William Joyce, M. C. Bryant, Everett Jackson and others, and who found William H. Thompson, innocent on his charge of 2nd degree murder.

W. W. Patterson was not guilty of grand larcey and was released. Benjamin C. Fitzgerald, an heir of Gabriel Fitzgerald owned an interest in lands in Section 3 and 10, Township 17, North Range 30 West, which is in the south main part of Springdale, near the S-curve. He and his sisters Mary Ann Lichlyter, Marian Eliza Beth Pearson, and brother William H. Fitzgerald divided the land among themselves but needed the courts approval to make deeds as their were under the age of 21.

Thomas Mullins was required by the court to produce abstracts to the Arkansas Industrial University. Pollard Edmiston had the disability of minority removed, and Ed Thomas was on the docket for wearing weapons, a common offense.

The murder trial of W. S. Hanna was continued, and the court ordered his witnesses John Dearing, Joseph Barron, Ben Brotherton, Calvin Dye and Corrine Barron put under bond to appear at the trial. Also bonded were the states witnesses Permelia Dye, Henry T. Cate, Adam Reed, William Rutherford, D. K. Barron, John Philips, Marin Carroll, Charles Cate, Burke Wheeler, John Carney, Joe and Henry Lyles, John Wilhite, W. D. Brown and J. B. Campbell. Each put up a $250.00 bond.

The Town council of Fayetteville sued Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crouch and R. B. Horton over an extension of Rock Street east from the Huntsville road to the town limits. The jury awarded Mr. Horton and Mr. Crouch $200.00 each and Mrs. Crouch 44.00 for the 44 foot strip.

Civil cases include Charles Miller vs. James Oats, which was dismissed; H. L. Glass vs J. J. Fairbanks, continued; J. L. Jones vs. August Haak, which was dismissed; M. W. Morrow vs. J. C. Hanna, and John Wilson vs. James R. Yoes, et al, with a jury trial for defendants.

John Van Hoose held a claim against Wm. McIlroy, and Phillip Yell sued Thomas Wainwright. James Morrison was given 5 years on a criminal charge, and George Pettigrew was awarded $200 in a claim against the county.

J. C. Stockburger and 11 other jurors found David Crawford innocent on a rape charge and threw it out of court. William Mayes made a bond for the next term in a maiming charge, which sounds more refined than cutting with a barlow in a fight.

The Jury found that David Bridenthal had usurped the office of county Examiner and should turn it over to Mr. Thomas Wainwright, along with the books and papers belonging there. Mr. Brindenthal was ousted.

Elizabeth Williford and John H. Fletcher were acquitted on misdemeanor charges. The prosecuting attorney, begging to differ, filed an appeal.

The Grand Jury visited the County Jail, and filed a report in writing which said that while they did not consider the jail absolutely safe, they did not condemn it. On sanitary conditions they reported favorably, but did not consider the ventilation in the jail good. They also said the picket fence around the jail was a nuisance, and in their opinion did not make the jail safe at all. Also it did, in a measure, stop the circulation around and through the jail, they thought it best to have good circulation for the health and welfare of the prisoners confined in the bastile. Sounds like the fence must have been pretty high, sort of like a western fort. Wonder if there would be pictures of it anywhere?

J. M. Russell, J. H. Van Hoose and Thomas Williams were appointed by the Court as Jury Commissioners to select the juries for the next term of court, and they took the oath of office, as did the Circuit Clerk, A. S. Gregg and his Deputy M. T. Devin, who swore to protect the list and keep it secret until opened by the court in court time.

George Pettigrew was fined $20.00 for a breach of the peace, and minority disabilities were removed for Linn Cline and Benjamin Deaver. Bonds in criminal cases were set at $250 for misdemeanors and $500 for bondable felonies.

The Court ordered Thomas Mullins, and others and their successors to levy a tax on the real and personal property in Washington County to pay the sum of $12,428.43 as interest for 1879 and to June, 1880.

A tribute was paid by the Bar Association to the memory of the late Judge David Walker, who spent many years on the bench, and in the service to the county and state. They commended his fairness, impartiality, courtesy, dignity and patience with the people who came to his court.

to wait until the rest ate before I could be excused. I slept so very soundly that it was difficult to arouse me next morning. They then saw that I was sick, though I had not said so. Rev. Jones, Missionary Baptist, whose station was hard by, called on us in the morning and pronounced me too sick to travel, and insisted on my tarrying with his family until I was better able to travel, but no, I said I would not be a day behind on any account. That day Mr. Williams missed the road, where were houses, good water, orchards with trees bending with delicious peaches, but on the road we took there was neither house, shade, water nor fruit, not even a spear of grass for the horses to eat. About noon we passed an old tree with a circle around the base cleared of bushes for a ball play. The dry dust had been wrought up by the Indians to quite a depth, and I said: 'Mr. Williams, please let me lie down under that tree and sleep just a little while, or I shall fall off my horse."

"Oh!" he said, "if you do I am afraid you will not be able to get up again."

"Yes," I said, "I will get up when the minute hand of your watch reaches eleven," and so I did, a little refreshed, but with difficulty mounted my horse and rode to Fayetteville, dreaming all the way, but did not fall of the horse. Arrived at the gate, Miss Sawyer came out to welcome her new pupils, and looking steadfastly at me, exclaimed in her high, shrill tone, "Just as I expected!" I said, "What?" She said; "Come back sick." I said; "not much sick but very tired." She said; "Don't tell me!" and indeed it was not necessary to tell her for she was a good judge of sickness, , and one of the best of nurses. If an Indian girl took sick, she left home, went to the boarding house, ordered the room thoroughly cleansed, bed clothes and sleeping garments all changed for clean ones, then she would order prepared whatever nourishing food she wished the patient to take. That was all very essential, but those who kept boarding house dreaded to see Miss Sawyer coming, for she would be the ruling spirit as long as she stayed. More than once I had already had her department to take care of, as well as my own, for a week or more of time, but she did not leave them (the sick ones) until they were convalescent. She never sent for the parents unless they were not expected to recover, which occurred only once in my recollection. I have heard mothers say that they felt their children safer in Miss S's care than in their own. But to return to my own case; that was the commencement of a six months' illness...As I was not likely to get well soon, some one must be found to take my place.

It is quite likely that Ann James took Typhoid on her trip. It was a common summertime scourge of that day and her description of the terrain **traversed** on the return journey from the Indian territory suggests that one of the many creeks they forded was probably tapped for drinking water and the possible source of the disease.

There is a gap in Miss Sophia's correspondence with the Reverend Greene, stretching from her note covering Ann's summertime journey to the Indian territory until November of that year, when one E. C. Trimble, a former student of the Seminary picks up the correspondence on behalf of Miss Sawyer. Trimble was the brother of Martha Trimble, another student of the school who had also written letters to the Reverend Greene at Sophia's behest. It is interesting to note howintertwined were the lives of inhabitants of Fayetteville Arkansas in those days. Martha Trimble was to marry Fayetteville's first physician of record, Dr. James Stevenson in 1851. Of greater note to the students of that day was the fact that Dr. Stevenson owned the town's first drug store and more important its first Soda fountain. One can see the student body of the Fayetteville Female Seminary at day's end, trooping en masse to Dr. Stevenson's beautiful marble fountain - there to be served with the wonderful new seltzer water at a penny the glass. And here, over the bubbly, romance is born between Martha Trimble and the young doctor. Stevenson was to fall victim to a tragic gun shot accident on the town square some twenty years later and Martha was to marry a boarder in the Stevenson home - one Denton D. Stark who was to start a banking business with one William McIlroy and later flee with Martha to California because of his profligate way with depositors monies...Ah, but that's another story. Meanwhile, in 1847, our story continues with E. C. Trimble's letter on Miss Sawyer's behalf) stressing how forboding were the prospects for the school until he, E. C. Trimble arrived fresh from theological school and applied a firm masculine hand to the problems.

Fayetteville, Ark.

Nov. 3, 1847

Dear Sir:

At the request of Miss Sawyer I proceed to answer the letter rec'd from you.

I am now cooperating with her in her school establishment and the prospects of the Institution at present are decidedly encouraging--the school numbers about fifty pupils, etc.

When I returned from Ky. in September I made inquiries about the Seminary and its prospects--found everything quite dull and forbidding. I took hold with the principal--things bear somewhat a bright aspect.

We feel encouraged by the expression of sympathy and concern you make in your letter--being situated as you are at so great distance, etc. we cannot reasonably expect further encouragement at your hand. We doubt not but that the feelings you entertain in regard to our institution are well founded and abiding. You must know that the necessities of this Western country are very considerable--fearful destitution prevails, institutions of learning furnished with teachers, when literary and religious pretensions are unquestionable, are destined to be instrumental in accomplishing great good in this country. We therefore rest in the belief that every friend to the cause of science philanthropy and religion will unhesitatingly give his approbation to the establishment of such instrumentalities and will promote the interests of said cause.

Our Seminary here enjoys facilities in the way of instruction equal, if not superior, to any in the state--So upon the whole we are prepared to encourage you in regard to our school more than was the case when last you heard from this institution.

Miss Sawyer wrote you on the subject of having a family to come and take charge of various----. Somewhat an extravagant request under the circumstances. There are good families here who are willing and prepared to board young ladies and if the measure of duty is filled in the department of instruction I fear not much embarrassment arising from the primary department. A line of encouragement from you at any time will be acceptable. Accept assurances of high esteem from your friend and obt. svt.

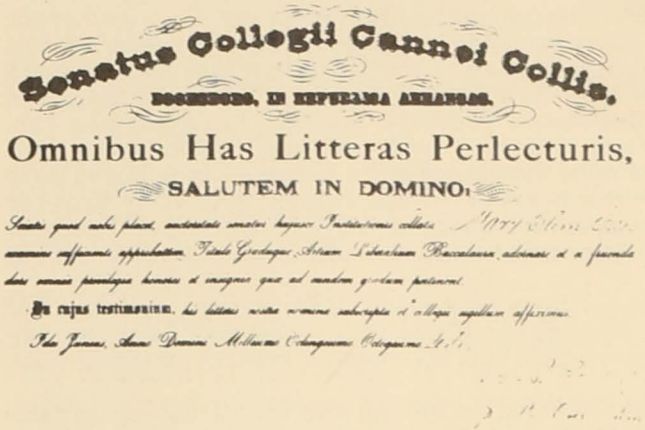
E. C. Trimble

The growing feud between Sophia and Ann James apparently smouldered to the blazing point in late 1847. There are no intervening letters to explain what events led to Sophia seeking the testimonial of her Fayetteville backers supporting her move to shift teaching authority away from Ann James. When this happened, Ann James apparently wrote to her eastern sponsor, a Miss Tuttle, complaining about her demotion. First, the letter from Sophia reporting to the Reverend Greene about Ann's actions and response and then the testimonial support from Sophia's staunch friends of the Fayetteville business community:

Rev. David Greene, Mission House, Boston
Dear Sir,

We have heard, through Miss James, that Miss Tuttle censures the course I have taken, "breach of faith, etc. etc." Miss James, in coming to our aid in the departments she was recommended as being able to fill, assumed responsibilities which she has been unable to sustain; hence no alternative left but to sacrifice my pledge to the public, or transfer labors into the hands of adequate and efficient teachers. We have chosen the latter and are willing to meet the consequences.

S. Sawyer



Senatus Collegii Cannei Collis,

BOONSBORO, IN REPUBLICA ARKANSAS.

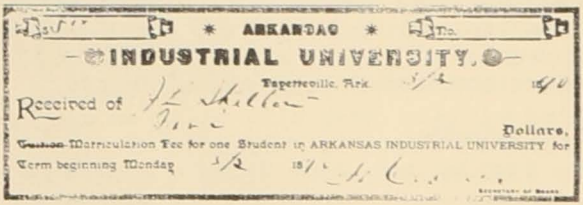
Omnibus Has Litteras Perlecturis,

SALUTEM IN DOMINO:

Sciatis quod nobis placet, meritatate senatus hujusce Institutionis collatis [illegible] eumque ejusque successores [illegible] Titulo Gradusque Artium Liberalium Baccalaurei adornare et a quovis alio eumque pareilique honores et insignes quos ad modum gradum patentur.

In cujus testimonium, has litteras nostre sigillo communi subscripsimus et collegii regulam affirmamus.

Data Januarii, Anno Domini Millesimo Octingentesimo Octogesimo [illegible]



ARKANSAS

INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.

Fayetteville, Ark. [illegible] 1880

Received of J. L. Skelton

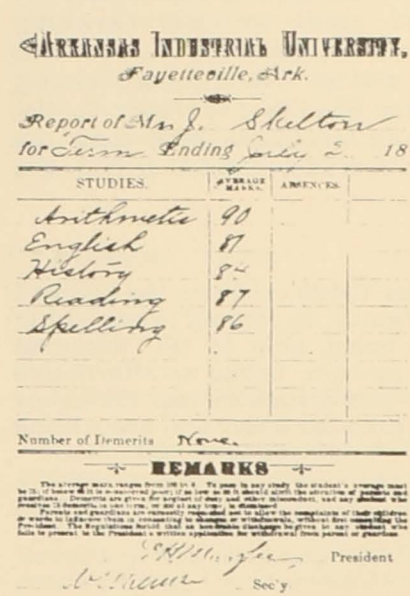
Three Dollars,

Tuition Matriculation Fee for one Student in ARKANSAS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY for Term beginning Monday 3/2 1880

[illegible]

Secretary of Board

The evolution of education in Washington County began with Ms Sawyer's School and stages in its development are shown here. Left is an early diploma from Cane Hill College when the village was known as Boonsboro; Middle is $5 tuition fee receipt and below it a report card of J. Skelton's for that year showing the University to have been half high school even until 1890. Lady in crinoline is Miss Matt Skelton, alumnus of Ms Sawyer's School.



ARKANSAS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY,

Fayetteville, Ark.

Report of Miss J. Skelton

for Term Ending [illegible] 2 18[illegible]

STUDIES.	AVERAGE MARKS.	ABSENCES.
Arithmetic	90	
English	87	
History	8[illegible]	
Reading	87	
Spelling	86	

Number of Demerits None.

REMARKS

The average marks ranges from 100 to 0. To pass in any study the student's average must be 70. If lower than 60 he is re-examined privately, if he fails to attend with the admission of parents and guardians. Demerits are given for neglect of duty and other misconduct, and any student who receives 75 demerits, in one term, or 40 in any study, is dismissed.

Parents and guardians are earnestly requested not to allow the temptations of their children or wards to influence them in remaining to examination, without first consulting the President. The Regulations forbid that an honorable discharge be given to any student who fails to present to the President a written application for withdrawal from parent or guardian.

[illegible] President

[illegible] Sec'y

Fayetteville, Arks.
January 18th, 1848

To Miss S. Sawyer,

Principal of the Fayetteville Female Seminary:

The undersigned would state, that in the performance of the duty of assigning the several departments of the "Fayetteville Female Seminary" to the teachers, now having charge of them respectively, they were actuated by the sole desire of promoting the prosperity and best interests of the Institution.

The pledges made to the public cannot be redeemed by this Institution unless its departments are sustained by capable and efficient teachers.

With a view to meeting the expectations of the public and insuring for the departments of instrumental music patronage and prosperity, it was thought absolutely necessary that this department should be assigned to Miss Freyschlag.

Any other arrangement would have been highly prejudicial to that Department as well as to the institution at large.

Very respectfully,
J. H. Stirman
J. J. Tebetts
David Walker
Thos. J. Pollard

Female Sem. Fayetteville, Jan. 1848

Thursday, Jan. 18, 1848

Our friend,

We have just time to say, as this leaves us, that Miss James is now employed in teaching plain and ornamental needlework, drawing, painting--Will make an attempt at vocal musick. The departments are under my inspection and, however incapable I am to be principal, it is the best that can be done at present. It is cruel in the East to send inefficient teachers because they think us ignorant. Our school was pronounced to be in a highly prosperous state at the last term. (22nd). God only knows the anxieties with which I contend. I remember his promise when leaving New England for the first time--"My strength shall be made perfect."

S. Sawyer

Apparently Sophia's mind seethed with the problem of Ann James and her place at the school, for only eleven days later she was again writing the Reverend Greene - ostensibly to request a bell to replace the horn long used to call the pupils to class. but more likely to cast a little soothing oil upon the waters which she feared she may have stirred up by her heated words concerning the ineptitude of Miss **James and the stupidity of the Missionary Society in sending such incompetents out to teach the frontier folk.**

Female Seminary

Fayetteville, Jan. 29, 1848

Rev. D. Greene, Mission House, Boston
Rev. and Dar Sir

Allow me to beg without ceremony or preface. I have done all in my power to establish a school here for nearly nine years. At my time of life and precarious health I am unwilling to assume any more pecuniary responsibilities. The infant Churches are to be sustained, etc. etc., etc.--You know more than I can write. Let the rich in your quarter know, by giving us a bell, that is is more blessed to give than to receive. Let its voice be such a to call the school from some distance, that my soul no longer be pained with the reply, "Miss Sawyer we did not hear the horn."

Now, dear sir, had I time to write and you to read, I would fill sheets in communicating our labors, hopes and fears; as it is, it must be deferred to those regions "Where on a green and flowery mount, Our weary souls shall sit, and with transporting joys recount These labors of our feet."

N.B. Mr. James Sutton may be expected in Boston sometime in March when he will either call on you or drop a line that you may find him at his lodgings.

All goes harmoniously in school--Miss Freyschlag the piano teacher is so prompt and cooperating--so cheerful, and yet so kind and sympathysing. Miss James continues able to maintain needlework, drawing, painting, etc. The Committee sustained me in my position, so that if God gives me wisdom and humility, all will be well. Continue your prayers for us and souls will come into the kingdom of our Savior. As ever, affectionately and gratefully yours in Christ.

S. Sawyer

(The Miss Freyschlag who replaced Ann James as piano teacher was one of the large German Family who had homesteaded the land on which the University of Arkansas now stands. They were a fascinating crew and are described quite vividly by Miss James a little farther along in the story. This was some kind of piano teacher, this Miss Freyschlag. One year later whe was to join her brother and sisters on the long trek west to the gold fields of California with 160 other 49ers. And....so legend goes....walking all the way.) As she so often did, Sophia stretched the writing of this letter out over a couple of days. After a night to sleep on it, Sophia launched into a request for more teaching aid for the school and by inneuendo suggesting that all the attributes described as necessary in an elementary teacher were not being supplied by the teacher at hand — namely Ann James.

30th--Dear Sir, After much hesitancy I have decided to ask for a primary teacher to come to our aid, if one such as you sent to the Mission can be found who is willing to come out, not knowing the things that shall befall her. Let her be young, not over twenty, understand thoroughly the common branches of English--able to teach vocal musick--have good common sense and every day religion, and be able to cooperate. My reasons for such aid are the frequent demands on my time in managing the departments, meeting the calls of strangers, etc. Then the increase of the branches taught brings a great increase of labor into the primary department that cannot be supplied by teachers found here. She could come with Mr. Sutton, and if not satisfied with me, fields are open all around. First principles are what we must have for a long time in teaching that pupils may be trained for the higher branches. Let her be practical in all things. People at the West expect to see and hear something from teachers.

I dare not make a single promise for I know not what will be on the morrow, save that self-denial, self-sacrifice will be mine, if I do my duty. Our friends would tell you all is prosperous; but I stand at the oar and know all will go down if action--well directed action--ceases. S. Sawyer

One of the great mysteries in all this is why Sophia continued to write to the Reverend Greene through the years, begging for help which she never, except in the case of Ann James, ever received. There is no record of The Fayetteville Female Seminary ever having received one red cent from the Board of Missions. There is evidence, however, that Boston listened attentively to any criticism of Sophia Sawyer sent their way and lost no time in letting her know about it. It is likely that inbred pessimism drove Sophia to keep reminding the Board of its obligations to the school, tenuous tho they might be. Then, if the school failed she would feel free to request another assignment...preferably, as she so often hinted...in Cuba or some clime that might be kinder to her diseased lungs.

Sophia considered it important for her students to write letters to the Reverend Greene. Three of her young Cherokee pupils added their dutiful observations, to Miss Sawyer's packet of letters sent east in February of 1848. We have omitted some of the repetitive parts but what we retain pictures the school curriculum and the tempo of the times quite vividly.

Fem. Sem. Fayetteville
Rev. D. Green, Feb. 8th, 1848

Although personally unknown to you, I now take the pleasure of writing you a few lines informing you how we are all progressing in our studies. I think the scholars are learning very well notwithstanding all the difficulties which the teacher has to encounter.

There was a revival here a few weeks ago. There were a great many persons professed to have a hope in Christ. Mr. Roberts, the name of the minister, tarried here two weeks preaching nearly the whole time..

My studies are Watts on the Mind (?), Grammar, Instrumental music, vocal music. I must close my letter as Miss Sawyer wishes several of the girls to write.

From your young friend,
Jane M. Williams

Female Seminary Fayetteville Feb 9, 1848

Reverend sir,

Miss Sawyer has requested all the Cherokee girls to write if they do not write but a line or two.

My father lives at Baties Prairie in the Cherokee Nation. There are three sisters of us up here. The oldest one is studying Algebra, natural philosophy, instrumental music, drawing and vocal music. Miss James is teaching vocal music, drawing, painting and needlework.

Very near all the Cherokee girls who are here are relation to me. I have some relations residing in Texas. My grandpa lives there also several of my uncles. My father lately married in the Nation. I have lost two mothers, my second mother left a little girl four years old. I have three sisters and two brothers living and two sisters dead.

From your young Cherokee friend

Charlotte T. Bell

We haven't the faintest idea what Sophia Sawyer (and other pedagogues of the time) thought they were preparing their frontier students for by equipping them with esoteria such as natural philosophy, vocal music, drawing and algebra to say nothing of Watts On The Mind. But this was the curriculum and all the student letters intoned the menu very proudly. Longest of the letters and the inspiration for a pungent post script by Miss Sawyer follows:

Dear Mr. Greene

As I am the last in writing my letter I fear I shall have but little news of importance to write but on looking over the girls letters see that they have left out a few things which perhaps you would like to hear. The girls have written to you about the revival which occurred here about two mo. ago. Mr. Walker, the gentleman who first asked Miss Sawyer to remain at this place and who has been a friend to her since her residence here, professed religion at the time of the revival. He has not yet joined any Church. One of our school mates, Miss Aldridge who professed relgion at the same time that Mr. Walker did, joined the Christian Church last night and is to be immersed today. Her parents belong to the Christian Church. We were going to see our companion baptised but it turned very cold and sleeted about ten o'clock.

Several persons wished Miss Sawyer to have this school strictly sectarian under the Cumberland Presbyterians, but she would not consent. There has been scholars here of a great many denominations even to a little Catholic girl that, when asked by one of the girls why she did not eat meat on Fryday replied, "I am a Catholic. Catholics do not eat meat Fryday." Mr. Greene I wonder if you have had much snow or cold weather this Winter? We have had but very little snow here and then it was not an inch deep. The weather has been so mild and pleasant that the peach trees have bloomed. Last Saturday the day was so beautiful that one of my school mates and myself took a long ramble in the woods to gather flowers. We only found one which we call Adam because it is the first that appears in the spring. The next flower that appears

is of the same kind as the first except that its colour is yellow while the first is white, this is called Eve because it is the second flower.

Miss Sawyer has about 48 scholars in her school at present. There were so many music scholars that she had to get another piano.

From your young Cherokee friend
Annie Bell

Sabbath, 3 o'clock. I say nothing of the revival because I cannot give any just account of it--none but God can judge but I fear there was more rejoicing in hell than in heaven, though I do hope there was joy over some individuals converted among whom is Mr. Walker.

S. Sawyer

It is obvious from this and other comments found in her correspondence, that Sophia did not have much faith in the bible thumping, table-hopping brand of religion dispensed by the itinerant tent revivalists of the day. A few days later she again returned to the subject which had become an obsession with her — Ann James ineptitude and the slowly festering animousity between them.

Rev. & Dear Sir, Feb. 26, 1848

Notwithstanding what Editors may say and do and friends may hope and believe, I know our school is in a precarious state. The reaction, respecting Miss James after such high expectations from Miss Tuttle's recommendation, would have been destructive to public confidence, had not Providence given us a teacher on the piano equal to public demand. (Miss Freyschlag, ed.)

Now as far as I can decern (sic), since Miss James has failed in musick, our patrons doubt her capacity in all things; and think it an imposition of the East on the West. If Miss J. would be content to do only what she clearly understands, without trying, by visiting and conversation, to impress people with the merits of the school and her own capabilities we might do something toward making the school what she wishes it thought to be.

Friends are kind--gentlemen aid by their judgment and influence, but often all care and labor must crush me, unless I can find some one to put their shoulder to the work. Were a primary teacher here, I am almost sure she would be sustained. I am not able to pay another teacher's passage. Miss James has, and will be, paid to the last cent, as it becomes due. I have done what I could to make her situation comfortable. God governs, all will be right.

S. Sawyer

And again, only 18 days later Sophia once more writes to The Reverend Greene about the insufferable Miss James:

Female Sem. Fayetteville, (March) 16th 1848

Rev. D. Greene,

I have less confidence in the capacity of Miss James as a teacher perhaps than any other person has.

If she wishes to remain in the institution until the present term closes and occupy the position that the enclosed letter gives her, she can do so. If not I shall avail myself of the resources within our reach, and do what I can to meet public expectation.

My health is good, very good for me--

Let the East know that talent, cultivated talent is needed here if anywhere to sustain us. Honesty: in this respect, is all that has sustained me hitherto, and I pray that God will not suffer me to depart from it.

Miss James says, "Subordinate to you when they all know your ignorance in Boston." It was some sense of my ignorance that led me to ask of the East cultivated intellect.

The enclosed I wish given to Mr. Dyer or any interested in Miss James. This is the only confidential line I have written you on the subject of Miss James...I trust it to your good sense and piety.

Truly yours, S. Sawyer

The Mr. Dyer referred to was Ann James brother-in-law. It was he who had apprised Ann of Sophia's past history of irascibility and in fact had probably supplied her with the estimate which Ann, in pettish pique had apparently passed on to Sophia during one of their arguments To wit..."They all know your ignorance in Boston". .... Sophia's retort that she must have been ignorant to expect the eastern hierarchy to send her a decent teacher suggests that while she may have been pedigogically deficient, she knew a come back when she spake it. Why Sophia would enclose a letter to Mr. Dyer, Ann's very brother-in-law escapes comprehension. It is significant to our tale only because it gives us some figures on pupil count and other matters of interest, while it re-hashes details of her quarrel with Ann. It winds up, as usual with some breast-beating about fate's unceasing plot to un-do poor Sophia.

April 4th, 1848

Rev. David Greene,

You will pardon the liberty I take of enclosing a letter and leaving to your judgment to deliver it to Rev. D. Dyer or not--The letter was written in much haste while the monster took charge. I wish for no reply from Mr. Dyer. If you think of anything you can write for my advantage it will be thankfully received. Miss James is still with us in school and may remain and do what she pleases until her term closes. We have 46 pupils, 30 in grammar, 20 in arithmetic , 38 writers, eight little ones which reach the books to me in time of vacancy with such imploring looks for instruction that they would call me back to life were I dying, I sometimes feel, to hear their lessons. Miss James has two in N, Philosophy and Algebra . She has been employed in plain needle work in connection with the ornamental branches until her friends have advised to quit the Seminary unless she can teach the branches for which she was sent. It was my influence that induced the pupils to be willing to engage at all in the study. If she cannot teach here I am willing she should go where she can and I will of course bear all blame. I have done what I could to

provide for her usefulness and happiness. She could be useful in various ways to us and if she leaves abruptly an injury will be sustained as she has 18 in drawing, eight in painting and several in ornamental needlework. We have no pupils prepared for the higher branches were she able to teach all--then her health is not equal to combat with difficulties in science. Let her take these undisciplined minds and manage them. The vocal musick is strongly called for and she has enough in this to engage. Let her interest them and teach them if she can. I use my influence here to keep her class. Have not asked her to aid in the primary department except once or twice when I was unable to enter the school room. The Algebra (class) are in Equation of the first degree and we intend giving her just as much time as she pleases for the two, as they complain they cannot state the sums or understand many of them when done. I have two first rate pupils in Arithmetic, one who has been taught at Dwight--the other is of such quiet temperament that if I give principle she can labor and labor while I am teaching and when it is spread out on the blackboard can give the class the whys and wherefores. Had I her power of fixing attention I would give worlds. Sometimes when I have almost gained the point my mind is gone and all is over.....

I am not, as once, crying because this one or that one speak evil of me. Only twice I think last summer were tears drawn from my eyes, then at a southern view of the scenery spread out in endless beauty in distant prospect from the upper piazza.

What if I do die in debt, the people here I hope will not suffer me to lie above ground as some Nation I have somewhere read did until his son paid the debt.

Pardon this letter and do for me as you think best--I am ashamed that you are in any way involved in my disgrace at Boston--place it all on me, say you were mistaken in my character, etc. I am not to be trusted any more. I can bear all. Farewell, though you may not think me worthy to be called yours in the gospel, I am yours sincerely,

S. Sawyer

Ann James apparently sought help from her Eastern establishment friends in clarifying her position with the Fayetteville Female Seminary. Ann had evidently come west thinking she would enjoy a position of some authority at the school and when, after her six months illness she was not returned to her former position of teaching eminence she complained to whomever would listen. In rebuttal Sophia Sawyer sought the advice of her friends and financial supporter, Lawyer David Walker. Mr. Walker thereupon wrote a letter to Miss James attempting to palliate the young teacher's growing resentment concerning her fallen estate at the school.

Miss James, Fayetteville 10th April 1848

I received your note informing me that Miss Sawyer has advised you of my willingness to express in writing my understanding of the position you were expected to assume in her school and with it an extract from a letter of our Eastern correspondent.

Without pausing to enquire in what attitude the statement may place the correspondence between Miss Sawyer and your friend East (and about which I have nothing to say), I will simply state facts as I recollect them.

In consultation between myself and other patrons of the School in regard to the means best calculated to promote its advancement and usefulness, we were of opinion and so expressed it: "That in consideration of your delicate health and that Miss Freyschlag had assumed the duties of giving lessons in music, and had succeeded to the entire satisfaction of the public and particularly of the patrons of the school, and had proven herself fully competent to sustain the character of the school in that department, it was due to the public and to Miss F. that she should retain her position, and it was so unanimously agreed."

In view of your superior skill in drawing, painting and ornamental needlework and of your attainments in the high branches of education, to you were assigned the exclusive control of the three first and you were associated with the Rev. Mr. Trimble in the latter, to whom was assigned the principal responsibilities of the latter. This we considered due to him from his high reputation and from the fact that much of your time must necessarily be devoted to your exclusive charge.

To Miss Sawyer was assigned the exclusive duty of instructing in the primary department.

The positions assigned to Miss F., yourself, and Mr. T. were not subordinate tested by the duties assigned you respectively. Miss Sawyer instructed solely in the subordinate or lower department.

To Miss S. was assigned the responsibilities attending the whole institution. It was emphatically her school, sustained at her expense; she was responsible for its good government and reputation. In that sense, yours and all others were subordinate stations. I presume this is the sense in which Miss Sawyer designed to be understood when alluding to the position you occupied. If so, she was correct. In no other, however, could I consent to recognize yours as a subordinate position.

With regard to your station in the school, if there be wrong it is due to candor for me to say that I am responsible for my full share of it. I believed at the time that the institution would best prosper by this dividing the responsibilities and assigning the different departments. I think so still; I am certain it was not intended to place you in a subordinate station, nor do I believe yours to be such unless in the sense above. If Miss Sawyer has used language which might be differently construed, I am sure it must have been through inadvertency and I trust she will do you ample justice, but of this I have nothing to say.

You will perceive that I have responded to your note at some length and I shall make a copy of this, in response to Miss Sawyer's request.

Very respectfully, your obt. svt.

David Walker

Miss Sawyer,

I received a note from Miss James which induced me to refer to the subject of our last conversation and supersedes the necessity of any other statement than that made to her. I therefore send you above a copy of my letter to her. I fear you will ere long be required (to) call into requisition that firmness and

energy which has heretofore and will sustain you; could you not dissipate the disquiet of Miss James by kindness and forbearance? She is here amongst strangers, and kind generous treatment will have a happy and salutary effect unless she has unfortunate counselors who prompt and shape her course.

Yours, D. Walker

And so, with matters brought to a high boil between the ascerbic Miss Sophia Sawyer and the resentful Miss James, we end this chapter in the eventful history of Miss Sawyer's school, the Fayetteville Female Seminary. The conclusion of this fascinating series, transcribed from letters preserved in the archives of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston, will be carried in our November issue. In it we get an intimate picture of the fascinating Freyschlags and a final and satisfying "vindication" for the iron-willed Miss Sophia Sawyer, a lady who in her way undoubedly helped "win the west."

1884 Weddings – Cont'd.

C. L. Howell, a Minister, functioned at the wedding of Hazel Valley dwellers, S. M. Graham and Miss Annie Walkup, 22 and 18 years of age, on Feb. 28, 1884.

T. G. Graham, 23 of Weddington married 18 year old Miss E. C. Shepherd of Fayetteville, on Nov. 13, 1884, with the Rev. John Mayes reading the vows.

A Prairie Grove couple, W. F. Green, 28 and Miss M. S. Marrs, age 20, were married on Dec. 24, 1884, by the Rev. Thomas. M. Day.

H. P. Gregg, 42, and Mrs. Cornelia Owenby, 27, both of Springdale, went to the Rev. John T. Boyed for their September 21, 1884 wedding.

Justice Sam Sevier performed the Aug. 3rd 1884, wedding service for W. T. Gregory, 25, of Fayetteville, and U. A. Boydston, 16, of Springdale

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TWO J. H. VAN HOOSE LETTERS OF 1866

Seems like J. H. Van Hoose is everywhere you look in old Washington County re-cords. And that's good. He was Fayetteville's historian in the 19th century. Here are two letters written by him to his brother George in 1866. Apparently George was still a prisoner of war. He had been held on Johnson's Island during the war and was the subject of a famous visit by brother James in January, 1865. (The story was told in an early Flashback.) The letters were handed down to George's great grand niece, Mrs. Cora Shively. They give a marvelous picture of how rough things were for Fayetteville folks in the months immediately after the war. First the March letter, full of family chit-chat:

Fayetteville, Arkansas
March 6, 1866

Dear Brother

I write in haste—have only time to write a few lines. We are all well. Mr. McIlroy is married again. Marion & Liz & Adeline are now living at the King Place. All well. They want to see you very badly. Marion will get plenty of work to do as soon as the Mills get to sawing which will be now in a few days.

Try to get down to Springfield and from there you can get in a waggon coming down any day. I would send you some money—to come home if I knew you would be sure to get—Go to some merchant who buys goods in St. Louis and ask hom to loan you money enough to bring you home—and tell him to write to me and I will deposit the money in any house in St. Louis where ever he may say. I can send money from here to St. Louis without any risk—

I expect to leave for that City some time between this and the 15th and will be there a few days only. I will be in Springfield several days as I return—Write to me at that place—and I will get it there as I come home. Direct to the care of Jack[illegible] Mecklin received a letter from Luke dated 16th Jnry which is the latest news we have from him. He was well. Keep your spirits up and take care of your health—I think if you were home your health would improve. Hope you will be able to get down here this spring sometine—Give my love to all my friends.

Write soon—I am not doing much good. Business is very dull—No(t) much money in the land—

Your Brother

J. H. Van Hoose

The second of the two letters was written two months previously and in it James Van Hoose refers to the famous visit he made to George in prison with the aid of a pass from President Lincoln (Uncle Abraham). In this letter there are more detailed accounts of post war business and personal life in Fayetteville of 1866.

Fayetteville, Arkansas
Dear Brother Jany 29, 1866

It is just one year ago today since I left Springfield Mo. for Washington City to try to affect your release from confinement but failed in doing so but by the pass Uncle Abraham gave me I was enabled at least to cheer you up by a visit which I know was very unexpected to you.

I wish I could cheer you up a little tonight but were I to try I should fail for I am too blue myself, at this time, the truth is I am sick have been in bed a portion of the afternoon and now have 5 of McClain's Liver Pills lodged somewhere down my "red line." I have a terrible cold. This is Monday Night. Father Rachel Dickerson & Bob all stayed with us Saturday night. Bob and I went serenading some young ladies late at night and succeeded in rousting them out of their warm nests and bringing them downstairs in the cold.

Father is opening a Sugar Camp and is going to have plenty of Sugar tree Molasses to eat. I have promised to come up when you come. Father is very anxious to see you. So are all your friends on White River. Marion especially. He wants to get a shop going in Fayetteville as soon as the mills get to running so we can get lumber. Vanwinkle thinks he will have his going by 15th of April. Mr. McIlroy and myself want lumber to put up a small house on the old Sutton corner. At present we are in my house where I used to live. We have only a few goods and are doing quite a small business, not paying by any means. I am sorry I went into it. Money is scarce and not much hope for any better state of affairs. Health is tolerably good. I received a letter from Jack dated 22nd inst and he is complaining of it being so healthy about Springfield he is anxious to hear from you. We have a letter from Luke dated 20th of November he was well and still hopeful– No very late news from Bud he was still in Sevier Co Arky. We have a very warm winter so far except a few cold days very cold. Father still keeps stout and can do more work today than I can– I was out at Ozark Institute yesterday. Mr. & Mrs. Mecklin & Son all inquired for George– If you come home come via Springfield and see Jack. Stages will be running from Springfield here in about 4 weeks from now. We are all getting along as quietly as could be expected, occasionally a horse is stolen in the country but so far we have been tolerably lucky in catching the thieves.

Your Brother

Geo. W. Van Hoose
Independence
Mo.

J. H. Van Hoose

ULYS ANDREW LOVELL
by
Thomas Rothrock

A southerner who always tipped his hat to the ladies and a conservative "Goldwater" Republican. Unusual? One could say so but that was Ulys Andrew Lovell. He was born at Denmark, Jackson County, Arkansas, on October 20, 1899, the son of Dr. John N. and Anna McDougal Lovell. When two years old, his family moved to Bradford, White County, Arkansas, where he attended elementary and high school, graduating from the latter in 1916 as valedictorian of his class.

Following high school graduation, Ulys obtained a license and taught all nine grades of a one-room school in District 20, Jackson County; then came to the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville in the autumn of 1917. Upon America entering World War I, he joined the Students' Army Training Corps at the University and on October 5, 1918, was sent to Officers' Training Camp at Camp Pike near Little Rock, Arkansas. The war over, he came back to the University. The Lovell family now moved to Springdale near the University, for, said the doctor, "The better to educate my two sons and my daughter." By attending summer sessions, Ulys graduated with the class of 1921.

The autumn following college graduation, Ulys became principal of the Springdale High School teaching history, science, economics, physics, agriculture, and was also athletic coach. The first annual printed by the school, titled "The Milestone," came out that school year. Ulys now headed for a year at Harvard University Law School. Attending court with his father as a teen-ager, he had become interested in court procedure. An inclination had been to become a physician, but Dr. Lovell was adamant against that career for either of his sons.

Following his studies at Harvard, Ulys spent another year as principal and coach at Springdale High School; then went to Lake Village High School in Chicot County, Arkansas, as principal and coach there; meanwhile working towards a degree in law at the University of Arkansas. He received his Bachelor's degree and license to practice in 1929. Opening an office in Springdale, he practiced there till his death in 1972. It was at Lake Village where he met Camille McRaven of Leland, Mississippi. They were married in 1930.

Ulys' organizational and civic activities were many and varied. He was a 32nd degree Mason. A charter member of Springdale's Rotary Club when it was organized in 1925, he was one of the two surviving members of the original board of directors at the time of his demise. His work for the American Legion was prodigious. Among his numerous civic activities was his aid in the establishment of Springdale's first public library, which had its beginning in 1923 in the basement of the then Central Presbyterian Church building.

Ulys learned to fly, receiving his pilot's license in August, 1944. Following the plunge of the United States into World War II, Ulys became draft law appeal agent for the Springdale area. It was an unpopular position but his attitude was, "Someone must do it. It is my patriotic duty." In 1943, Camille Lovell joined the Women's Army Corps and Ulys tried to get into the Navy. He considered he was in but he had "too many fillings in his teeth." His reaction to that was a snort, "Ridiculous!" At the time of his death at nearly 73 years he did not have dentures.

In 1943, a Japanese Relocation Center, Camp Jerome, was established in Chicot County, and Ulys went there as project attorney and as teacher in the camp. After a period in the WAC's, Camille rejoined her husband. The Japanese at Jerome were all second-generation "Nesei," loyal Americans. Young men volunteered for the armed forces and served with distinction. Ulys was indignant over the establishment of such camps.

Although his anger over Camp Jerome did not die, Ulys' usually quick temper did once he had a matter "off his chest." He was loyal to his friends, and would at times call up someone he knew if he noticed their taxes were delinquent, not wanting them to let any property revert to the State. Religiously he was a Unitarian. In younger years his recreation was golf; later duplicate bridge. His reading habits did not include fiction, but such fields as history, philosophy and economics. He believed Christmas was for everybody and not for "kids only." The yule-tide spirit moved him to purchase and give away as much as $100.00 worth of candy in a season.

But the human body is subject to ills. Ulys' large frame grew thin and his health gradually failed. Still he carried on. He was going forward with his work for the American Legion Boys' and Girls' States in May, 1971, as indicated by his "thank you" letters to sponsors. He stated he had gone to Boys' and Girls' States every year for 15 years and talked to them on our constitution and our courts. He declared, "They are good kids." Three months later he passed away, on August 10, 1972. There were no children.

Ulys always said in regard to his life's work: "Law is my vocation; the American Legion my avocation." A member of the Roy Fish Post at the University of Arkansas while there; he became a long-time member of the Clarence E. Beeley (later Beeley-Johnson) Post of Springdale. He held many of the positions the Post had to offer: commander five times, service officer for years, judge advocate at times. In addition to his Boys' and Girls' State

work, he aided in Legion baseball, oratorical contests, and the Outstandi
Student Citizenship Awards given annually by the Legion to a senior boy a
a senior girl at the Springdale High School. He served also as Weste
District Commander and the Arkansas Department Judge Advocate. T
Post awarded him a life membership in 1966.

At the Legion's State convention at El Dorado on July 22, 1956, Ulys w
elected commander of the Arkansas Department for the 1956-57 Legion ye
A banquet was held in his honor at the Springdale High School cafeteria
which the president of the University of Arkansas, John T. Caldwell, was t
speaker of the evening.

As State commander, Ulys attended the National Legion convention at L
Angeles in the late summer of 1956 and reported he was proud of the wh
Arkansas aggregation: the delegates' attention to business, the p
formances of the drum and bugle corps, the majorettes, the National Gua
band. "Our drum majorettes made the front page of a Los Angeles pape
During the autumn of 1956, at a national conference of commanders a
adjutants in Indianapolis, Indiana, Ulys was elected vice-president of t
Commanders' Club, missing the top position by one vote.

In his farewell message as State commander, Ulys reported that t
Arkansas Legion had had a good year: more memberships, more boys a
girls in Boys' and Girls' States, more Legion sponsored baseball teams, mo
child welfare, and that the "Back to God" movement had made remarka
strides. "I have enjoyed every minute of my work with you Legionnaries t
year. ...the friends I have made will go with me through the rest of my li
Thanks again and God bless you."

On July 10, 1964, Ulys was awarded the eighth Americanism Award, giv
annually to the Arkansas man who was outstanding in promoting the pri
ciples of Americanism. The award was inaugurated by Ulys when St
commander Senator John L. McClellan was the first recipient with oth
important Arkansans following him.

Ulys' law career was profoundly influenced by an accident on Highway
south of Fayetteville on an autumn day in 1939, when the University
Arkansas' long-time president, John C. Futrall, met death in a car wreck.
William Fulbright, now United States Senator, left his teaching position wi
the University's Law School to become president and Ulys A. Lovell replac
Fulbright as lecturer. After his stint at the Jerome Relocation Center, he w
for many years an assistant professor of law at the University. A member
the County, State and American Bar Associations, he was twice president
the county group and on the professional ethics and grievances committee f
he State association.

In his practice of law, Ulys always advised his clients that a fair settlem
was better than "a whopping big lawsuit." Nearly always he tried to ge
couple to work out their differences before filing a suit for divorce; then he
times, would delay filing the complaint, knowing that when they "cooled o
they might drop the suit. He refused to take cases for persons purhas
delinquent tax lands.

Ulys' long-time secretary, Mrs. John (Virginia) Shastid, tells of the time
incompetent who had a guardian put this question to Ulys: "What is t
alienability of the possibility of a reverter?" Ulys' jaw dropped open. Wh
he recovered from his astonishment, he blurted out, "Great Scot, man! Y
don't need a guardian."

A Viney Grove couple, James B. Davis, 26, and Miss Mollie M. Diven, 21, were married by Justice of the Peace William Shannon. Their date was December 18, 1884.

John W. Dearing, 26 and Miss Ellen Lofton, 16, of West Fork, were united in wedlock by Justice G. S. White of West Fork on May 1, 1884.

R. V.Dipboye, 43 of Sexton, near Dutch Mills, and Miss Ella N. Gibson, 26, were married on August 28, 1884. by the Rev. J. F. Dobbs.

A West Fork couple, C. A. Dotson, 25, and Miss S. J. Boyed, 15, were wed on July 27, 1884, with Justice of the Peace S. R. Caudle officiating.

From Cincinnati, Charles Dotson, 24 and Miss Alice Spencer, 18, took the marriage vows, read by the Rev. F. R. Earle, on Feb. 4, 1884.

J. R. Downum, 24 and Miss N. E. Grammer, 23, of Elm Springs, had their wedding by Minister M. D. Steele on February 4, 1884.

Cove City, Crawford County, was given as the address of Henry Dudley who came to Washington County to marry Miss Martha A. Crank, age 19, of West Fork. Rev. John A. Smally was available to them on Sept. 2nd, 1884.

E. B. Eddie, 25 and Miss M. E. Vaughn, 15, Spring Valley young folks, were married on June 5, 1885 (?), with C. P. Tupper, a Minister, doing the ritual.

D. C. Edmiston, 29 of Rheas Mill, and Miss Mattie Hartley, 19 were in the presence of Justice of the Peace Elijah Webb for their happy event of Feb. 24, 1884

Samuel L. Eidson, 32, and Miss Sallie Payne, 22, both of Springdale, were married by the Rev. W. F. Greene on June 15, 1884.

The Rev. J. W. Dutton, Goshen Minister, performed the wedding ceremony for J. D. Enyart, 23, and Miss Annie Elam, age 15, on Sept. 18, 1884.

DISCONTINUED STORY

W. H. Rhea was a pioneer merchant of Northwest Arkansas. He was th maternal grandfather of Mrs. Mertye McIlroy Bagby, formerly activ member of our society and now residing in Tulsa. Among his affects whic had been handed down to Mrs. Bagby were account books showing civil wa dealings with Federal Forces about the time of the battle of Prairie Grov The date of the transactions is interesting in light of another histori memento which Mrs. Bagby had inherited as well and which she passed on t us. So the ingredients in our story will arrive in their proper juxtaposition, w offer first the re-counting of the figures in W. H. Rhea's account books a carried in the May, 1956 Flashback:

One of the old accounts books kept by W. H. Rhea, pioneer merchant o Rhea's Mills and Cincinnati, Ark., contains an itemized list of the losses h suffered during the occupation of Rhea's Mills before, during and after th battle of Prairie Grove on December 7, 1862. It is not definitely known tha Rhea billed the Federal government after the war but it is probable that h did, since the account is one of many in the old ledger. The books are now i the possession of Mrs. Mertye McIlroy Bagby, granddaughter of W. H. Rhea She is a member of the board of directors of the Washington County Historica Society. FLASHBACK will publish other articles based on the Rhea accoun books. Below we are publishing the account against the Federal governmen

November 1862-Rhea's Mills

Detachment 1st and 2d Indian Regiment -- 200 men -- under command o Lieut. Robb -- camped on my premises, used the following:

5000lb. Flour at 5		250.00
Corn meal, 2000lbs at 2		40.00
Pork killed, 2000lbs at 5		100.00
Rails for fuel, 2 cords		7.00
2 Turkeys		2.00
1 Man's Saddle		25.00
Burning house	$ 250.00	674.00
Team to haul to Cincinnati and driver		7.50

Returned next day under command of Col. W. A. Phillips detachment Indians and Howitzers. Run the mill day and half night. Took away

8000lbs. Flour at 5		400.00
Killed 30 head Hogs, 4000 lbs at	200.00	600.00
		1281.50

On the morning of the 28 November the Army of the Frontier under Gen. G. Blunt come by my place, killed

40 Head hogs, 2000 lbs at 5	100.00

\fter December 7, 1862, Genl. James G. Blunt with his whole Division fell
ck to my (premises and used):

100 Bu. Wheat at 1.50		150.00
25 Bu. shelled Corn		25.00
Used Mill 30 days		600.00
Occupied store house as Commissary 30 days	30.00	805.00
		2766.50

ft on premises dead Horses, some 100 which stagnated the air and caused
or exposed my family to an epidemic 500.00
Used 200 Bu. Corn 200.00
Used 1000 Bu. Bran at 20 ..... 200.00
Took 2 Log Chains 15.00
Took 2 pr. G--ans 10.00
Walnut lumber 200 ft 6.00 931.00
7152.50

In the fall of '63 detachment of 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry took

3 head Horses worth 150 each		450.00
20 Bu. Corn	20.00	470.00
		$7622.50

Killed 50 head Hogs, 2500 lbs. 125.00
Used fortheBatteryhorsetrough
3000 ft of Lumber at 2 ..... $ 60.00
Burned Lumber, 2000 at 2 ..... 40.00
Burned 200 cord Rails and Wood 600.00
One Work Ox killed 30.00
Turned Orchards and destroyed Trees 200.00
6221.50

They returned the next day, one Brigade under Gen. Salomon, took up
iarters on my premises, killed Hogs and Chickens, used Forage.

100 Head hogs, 5000 lbs at		250.00
200 Bu. Corn at 1$		200.00
1000 Bu. Bran at 20 cents		200.00
10 Cord Rails at 3	30.00	680.00
		1961.50

Cont'd. Page 44

VIOLENCE UNFETTERED

or

READY, AIM . . . FAYETTEVILLE

The reign of terror which seems to exist in American cities these days may not be as new as we think. In 1882 the nationally published Police Gazette carried a story claiming that such lawlessness existed right in little old Fayetteville, Arkansas. This article was discovered in 1954 by Tulsa numismatist Roscoe Brown, who forwarded it to the late "Uncle Walt" Lemke, for printing in the May, 1954 issue. Like the address of General D. H. Hill before the 1884 Arkansas Press Association, printed elsewhere in this issue, this story seemed to have a marked tie-in to present day events and seemed well worth re-running.

Texas, weary of its saturnalia of crime, pauses to rest its bloody hands, and the desperadoes of Arkansas come to the front with a rival round of horrors and slaughter that give it fair rank with the state that is its prototype. Here is the picture a newspaper of Fayetteville draws of the situation -- one calculated to encourage immigration to those who languish in the great cities protesting that it is impossible to stir up a novel sensation in them.

The city authorities of Fayetteville have been defied; the county officers have been intimidated; state authorities antagonized and the federal officers are kicked to one side as so much rubbish. Horses have been stolen, commercial blocks have been burned by incendiaries, property has been ruthlessly destroyed and scores of good men have been murdered, and all within a half score of years. These things have retarded the growth and development of our county, repelled immigration and injured the efficiency of our university. Hanging Day was celebrated on the 8th by another ruthless murder.

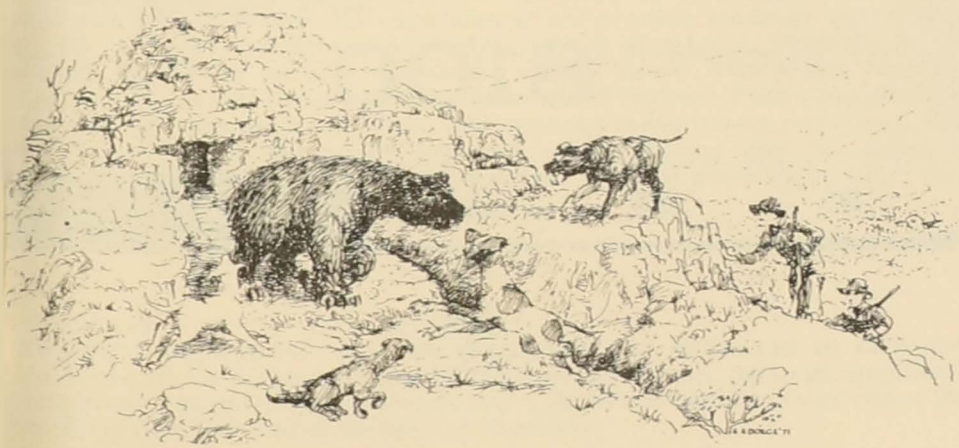
Wm Jones, a good brave man, was shot down by assassins in 1875. In 1879 the militia was called out to protect the city of Fayetteville and guard against threatened attack. In July 1881, on the eve of the assassination of President Garfield, the marshall of our city, W. S. Patton, was shot down upon our public square without a moment's warning, upon the same night the deputy sheriff, John Mount, was also killed by the deadly bullet of the stealthy murderer.

A poor old man, father of one of our best citizens, a blacksmith, being en-
mped last Friday at Greenland, seven miles below the City, was shot down
thout provocation in the presence of two of his children. This is but the
ishing touch to a long category of crimes. Let us review those of the last
years.

On a night in 1878 the SENTINEL OFFICE OF THIS CITY WAS RIDDLED
ITH BULLETS FROM THE GUNS OF MARAUDERS: Farmers' houses
s shot into at the same time, the bullets barely missing Farmer's wife. The
ter Bank building, marble front, was destroyed by incendiary fire, likewise
e building of S. K. Stone. The dwelling of Reuben Carter was riddled with
llets upon another night. A few weeks ago Stockberger's dwelling was shot
o. The great block running from Reed & Ferguson's Bank in the Van
nkle property was burned three years ago by incendiaries. Baum's
rehouse was also fired and the porch of the Van Winkle House, that
mmoth structure full of sleeping inmates, was partly destroyed by fire
m the torch.

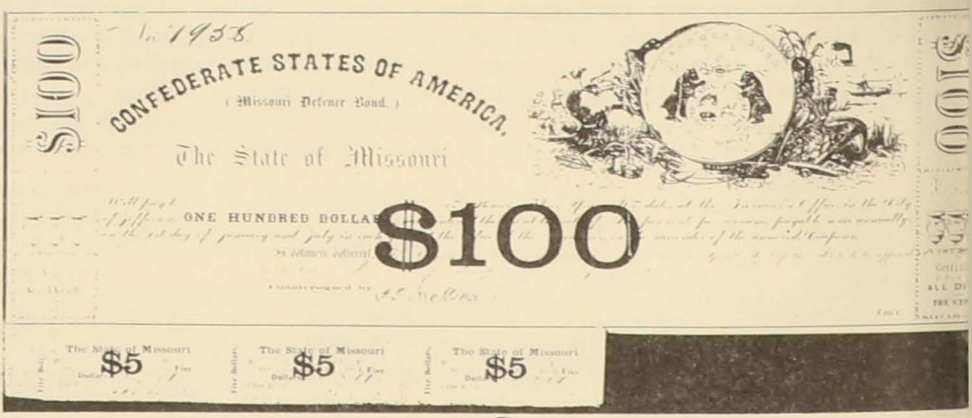
In 1870 the dwelling of Judge Gilbreath was perforated with bullets. Twenty
rses have been stolen within the past six months in this county. Hundreds of
rses have been stolen the past ten years. The saloon building of William
len was riddled by the bullets from the guns of would-be assassins who
re seeking to kill the brave and intrepid John Reed.

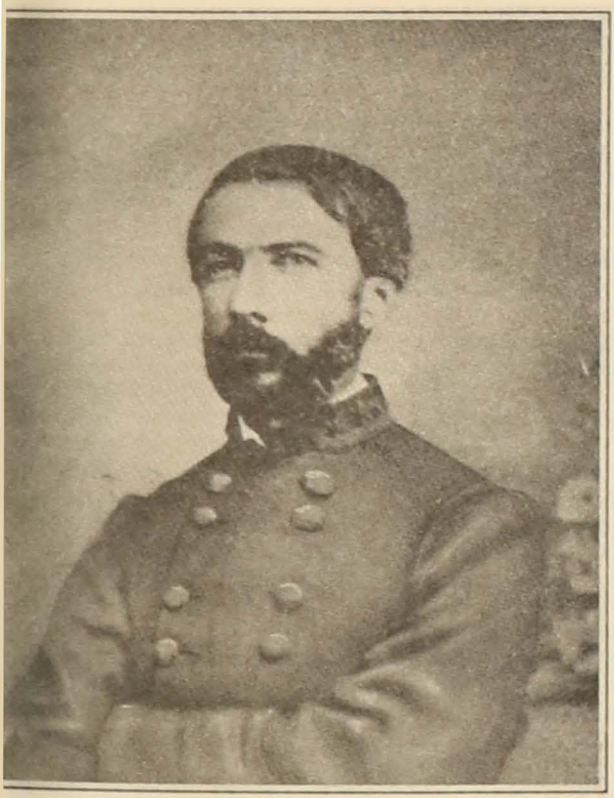
A terrible state of affairs exists today at West Fork. A few weeks since, a
eak and timid deputy United States marshal called to his assistance 36 good
en, that he might serve a legal process. He made an attack and was
pulsed. The members of that posse are to this day being made the victims
outlaws and dastards, their stock is being killed, their houses are being
red into, while a dozen heads of families must be safety's sake take to the
ush at night to escape the deadly bullets of assassins. And these are but a
w of the many crimes that have been committed, yet the devilish
arauders are daily stalking on the streets with hair disheveled and hats
awn to ears, with villainy oozing from every pore of their damnable hides
d dripping from their hair, going in snake-eyed defiance to the law.



Discontinued Story – from Page 41

A sort of codicil to the above is the Missouri Confederate War Bond pictured be
The bond was handed down to Mrs. Bagby by her grandfather, the same Mr. W
Rhea. Why Mr. Rhea would have been the purchaser of a Missouri War Bon
interesting to ponder. The Bond is dated January 1, 1862. If Mr. Rhea bough
shortly after that it may have been because Arkansas was not showing too m
enthusiasm about being an active member of the Confederacy. Right after the b
of Wilson's Creek in August, 1861, Arkansas authorities fell into a dispute
Confederate military people and the state militia was given the option of disban
or joining the Confederate army. Most went back home. Under the circumstanc
Confederate sympathiser might have felt his money would serve the southern c
better by being invested in the treasury of a more military state like Missouri. W
complicates this line of reasoning, however, is the problem that after the battl
Pea Ridge in February-March 1862 it was extremely difficult for a southerne
move north, especially as far north as Jefferson, Missouri–confederate capita
Missouri for but a short time. What is really intriguing is the fact that two of th
interest coupons have been neatly scissored from the Bond, suggesting that Mr. R
cashed them in. Due dates on the two coupons, judging from due dates on the
remaining, would have been January and July, 1863. By then all of Missouri
firmly in the hands of the Feds. But, a canny businessman will often find a way
and maybe Mr. Rhea did. How we will never know. Nor whether, if ever, he collec
from the Feds for the depredations to his goods and chattels.





GENERAL HILL ADMONISHES THE PRESS

eneral D.H. Hill, ex Confederate general was President of Arkansas dustrial University from 1877-1884. He was a stern task-master whose nure was a stormy one. His expulsion of six popular students during this me, for example, brought about cries for his dismissal. Throughout his rkansas career he seemed constantly in the news. One of his farewell estures came in 1884 in an address before the Arkansas Press Association, hich met that year in Fayetteville. His remarks made ninety years ago, this mmer, prove that the battle between public figures and the press is nending and that the targets of a "free press" were as resentful of what they nsidered "excesses" then as they are now.

Gentlemen of the Press Convention:

We welcome you cordially to the University and invite you to visit Art- om, Museum, Laboratory, Library, and Lecture rooms, that you may know ur condition and our wants and may feel a generous impulse to advance the terests of the chief seat of learning in the State.

I know well that the three great powers in every country for its weal or woe are the pulpit, the school-house and the and the printing-room. If the t of these be high, pure and honorable, they will bring inestimable blessi upon the people.

It was one of the grand designs of our own Lee to have a department in University for the special training of printers, essayists and editors. believed that the South needed cultured writers as well as learned minist and scholarly teachers. Being myself an editor of long and varied experie and a member of "ye gentle craft of printers", I must be permitted to give hearty approval of the scheme of General Lee and to express the belief t such training schools in each University of this land would give digni elevation and importance to the fraternity.

It is the mission of the Press to strengthen and not to weaken, to build and not tear down, to encourage and not to dishearten, to give useful formation and not sensational clap-trap to the masses, to support the nob and purest men for office and not those who can render the best return for support, to help develop the material resources of the country by pointing the ways and means for this development, to foster a high tone of honor, tegrity, truth and fair dealing.

The Ishmaelites of the Press, whose hands are against every man, think gain a certain notoriety by senseless fault-finding and indiscriminate abu They foolishly suppose that the faculty for annoyance is an evidence strength. Nature itself teaches us, however, that the most contempti things have the greatest power to vex and harass. The gnat, the mosquito, tick, the flea, the fly can drive almost to desperation the wisest philosoph and the most illustrious statesmen. It is the weakness of the Ishmaelites t puts them upon the same plane with these annoying and loathsome creatur

Again, history and experience teach us how easy it is for the weak contemptible to destroy the labors of the strong and the noble. The torch notoriety-hunting fool made in a few hours a heap of ruins of the magnifi temple of Diana, which had been 220 years in building, which contained rarest gems of art of the pre-Christian period and the accumulated treasu of the richest shrine in the world. It is weakness that puts the Ishmaelites the same category with the infamous imbecile of Ephesus.

Moreover, conscious of their own inferiority, they often delight besmirching and besmearing the noblest characters and call this dependent journalism, the independence consisting in befouling those from official position or other cause can not resent the outrage. Owing to strict accountability to which Southern editors are held, personal journalis - that foul blot upon civilization -- does not often disgrace the Southern sa tum, for personal journalism usually means stupidity, malignity cowardice. I trust that you, my brethren of the Press, will in the future a the past, refrain from those disreputable practices, which Dickens has mercilessly held up to public scorn in his Martin Chuzzlewitt, as a pecul characteristic of American journalists.

THE SECRETARY'S PAGE

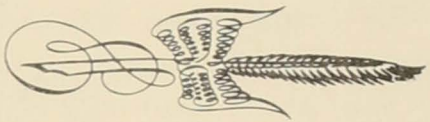
The second quarterly meeting of the Society was held at the church in Cane Hill, Arkansas, on April 21 with a large crowd present. President Dwain Manske opened the meeting and welcomed the guests. He told of the accomplishments and aims of the Society.

E. H. Donabauer spoke on the efforts of the Society to preserve the Ridge House, the former home of Sarah B. N. Ridge.

Entertainment under the direction of Boyce Davis was furnished by a man and wife team from the area.

Conrad Russell told the history of the village of Cane Hill from its beginning to the present time, and Dr. Conrow Miller acquainted the gathering with the history of the church and its furnishings.

The meeting was then adjourned for coffee and cake.



Due to the sharp increase in cost of publication of FLASHBACK, the price of single copies has been increased to $1.50. This applies to all copies since May, 1972. Prices for back copies prior to May, 1972, are now $2.00 each. Many of these are becoming collectors' items.

* * * * * * *

Recent visitors to the FLASHBACK office include Mr. and Mrs. Poston of Mineral Wells, Texas, who were searching for Poston history. An Elizabeth Poston married Peter Mankins.

* * * * * * *

The Northwest Arkansas Genealogical Society, P. O. Box 362, Rogers, Arkansas 72765, has published "Cemeteries of Benton County, Arkansas, Volume I" and a copy may be purchased for $5.00. It contains over 100 pages and covers 50 cemeteries. Our own Society is now working on comprehensive surveys of Washington County cemeteries, to be published in the near future. The price and publication date will be announced in a future FLASHBACK.

MISCELLANY

Mrs. D. L. Sellers, Belton, Texas, Mrs. Ed Sittler of Tulsa, an Mary D. Robinson of Tulsa were seeking information about BAI LARDS, LAMB, BEAN, and BEENE names. Mrs. Sittler is a member o our Society and lives at 4118 South 40 W. Avenue, Tulsa, OK 7410

Mrs. Ada Anderson has presented the Society with a copy of th Faubus book—A HISTORY OF THE FAUBUS AND RELATE FAMILIES. Our thanks to Mrs. Anderson.

Dorothy Thomas, 1544 Loganberry Way, Pleasanton, Calif. 9456 needs information of Martha Ann SEXTON, born September 17, 182 died in 1905, married William Jefferson TOLLETT. Who was h family? Their son Henry (Harvey) moved to California in the late 180 Ms. Thomas also seeks information about Indian trading posts along th Oklahoma-Arkansas border in northwestern Arkansas, especially in th area that once was Salem Springs in Washington County.

Mrs. Lila Boone Michael, 3536 Alpine Place, Colorado Springs, C 80909 wants to know about Nathan BENBROOK and Sara MAGUIRE BENBROOK who died at Elkins. They owned land i Washington County.

Mrs. Thomas A. Dowell, 16390 Chandler Boulevard, Mishawak Indiana 46544 is seeking information about William Frank DOWEL who was in the State Legislature in 1875 from Washington County This same information is wanted by Wayland B. Dowell, Sr., 387 Hershel Street, Jacksonville, Florida 32205.

Helen Schunke writes: "Please use the gift of $5.00 where it needed and will be most useful. I do so appreciate all the help I ha received.

The White City Garden Club of Tulsa, Oklahoma sends a chec "as a contribution to Headquarters House in appreciation for a progra Mrs. Jane Hall gave to our garden club last month."

At the Society's annual Ice Cream Social to be held the latter p of August on the grounds of Headquarters House, an antique gold oak kidney-shaped desk will be auctioned for the benefit of Hea quarters House. There will be activities and fun for all. Watch the ne papers for announcement of the date!

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FLASHBACK

March 31st, 1883

Adjourned meeting of City C

Members Present—

W. C. Jackson Mayor

Aldermen

A. Hendry, B. H. Slone and M. Mock.

J. R. Southworth Recorder

The Minutes of last meeting read and approved - and the following was had.

Treasurer Davenport showed in report that he had recd. from City M since his last report, the sum of $313.35/100 Script - said Script bearing the follow Numbers - to wit - Apr. 2, 1881, No. 197 - Oct. 11, 1

Minutes of Fayetteville City Council meetings from March, 1883 to December 12, 1887 have come to hand and will be covered at length. Sidewalk layings, street namings and city growth are chronicled in this beautifully preserved volume which the WCHS has been privileged to receive and review.

W. C. H. S.
P. O. Box 357
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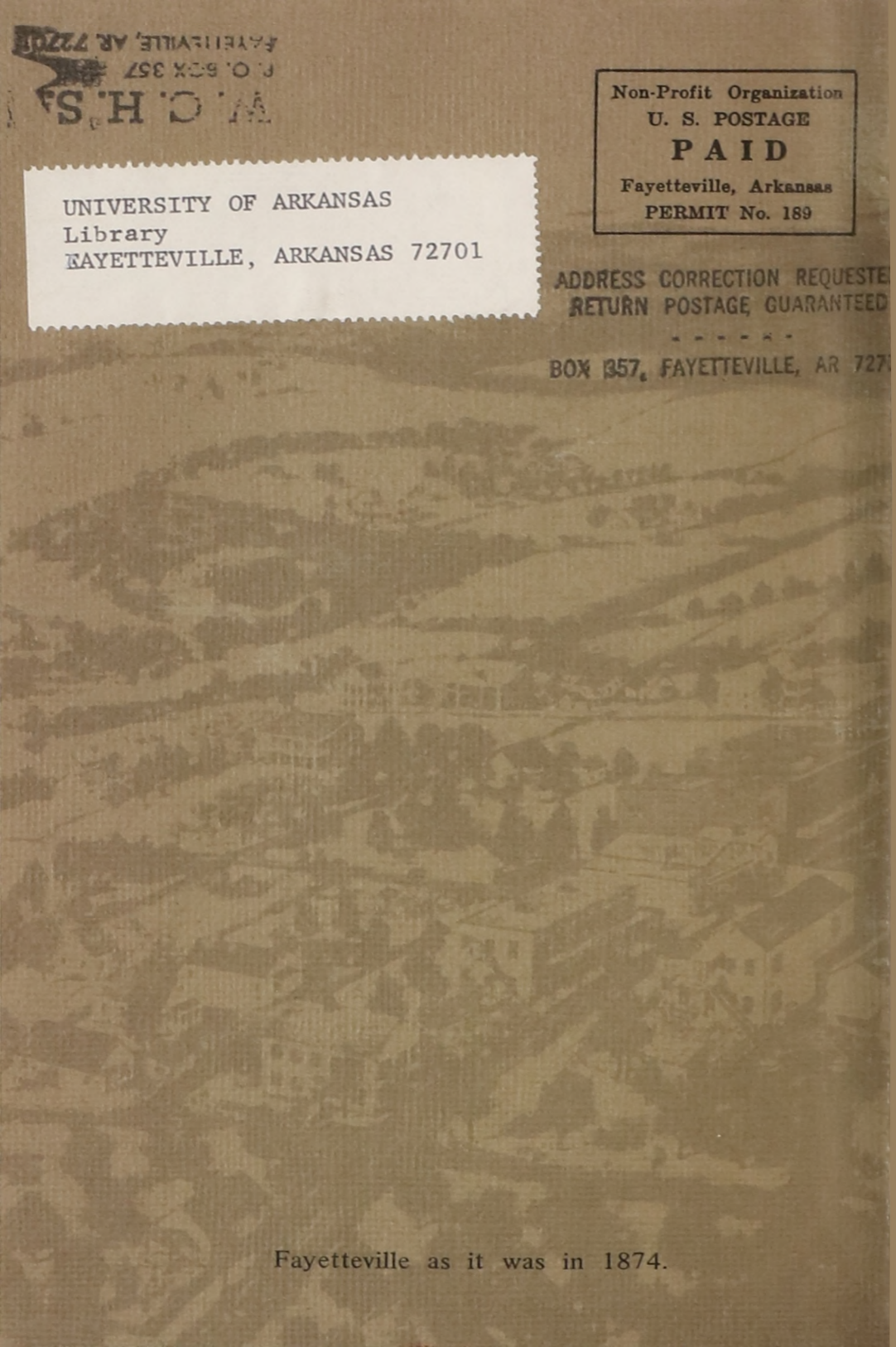

Fayetteville as it was in 1874.